

The Villains

by

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ON BLACK:

BOLT (V.O)

A friend of mine once reminded us
to beware of wolves in sheep's
clothing. Politicians, irritating
infomercial hosts -- wolves. I've
learned that spandex and sheepskin
really aren't all that different.
I mean, who do you turn to when the
wolves call themselves superheroes?

FADE IN:

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Ominous dark clouds reflect in the glittering pool of still
water that leads up to the memorial.

KABOOM! The force of a sonic boom ripples its surface.

A long glimmering alien craft blazes across the sky, shedding
chunks of its flaming hull as it rips through the clouds.

The aircraft bounces across the pool and smashes into the
base of the Lincoln Memorial. The explosion creates a plume
of smoke and flames.

MEMORIAL BASE: Smoke drifts over the words of an inscription
as the flickering glow of flames reveals the text:

"In this temple, as in the hearts of the people for whom he
saved the union, the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined
forever."

CRASH! The HEAD of Abraham Lincoln smashes onto the ground.
His eyes seem to stare in surprise.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - LATER

The memorial is a seething locus of heavy activity. A
battalion of U.S. MARINES surrounds the smoking craft, M16s
leveled. They fall back as...

The bow of the craft falls away like liquid silver, revealing
a tall, muscular, gray-skinned humanoid with blood-red eyes.

This is KRONOS. His face radiates power. He wears a toga
adorned with Greek looking letters and tiny penis shapes.
His voice BOOMS as he speaks in an unfamiliar dialect.

The soldiers stare blankly at him. One moves his rifle.

Spooked, Kronos RISES INTO THE AIR and hovers high above, causing nervous trigger fingers to itch.

A silver-haired, barrel-chested form sails through the sea of anxious Marines -- GENERAL HENRY BARNES (60s). His weathered face scowls at Kronos.

GENERAL BARNES
Sweet squirrel nuts! I hope you
come in peace, son.

EXT. ROOK ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT

High stone walls, topped with barbed wire, merge into the looming guard tower and oversized front gates of a maximum security prison.

SUPER: 1 YEAR LATER

INT. ROOK ISLAND PRISON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A hardened CORRECTION OFFICER drags a SCRAWNY PRISONER down an oppressive hallway, trailed by a pretty FEMALE SCIENTIST, wearing obligatory nerd glasses, and a dorky MALE SCIENTIST.

Both scientists scribble notes on their clipboards.

They pass a guard station where a HEAVY GUARD sits behind a desk, munching on chips, seemingly more concerned with the TV newscast he's watching than the passing prisoner escort.

ON THE TV: A hyper-tan ANCHORMAN fills us in on the state of the world.

ANCHORMAN (ON THE TV)
And with unemployment rates
expected to rise yet again, a new
type of villain has emerged.
Dubbed "Villebrities," these
flamboyant outlaws have become
heroes of the disenfranchised...

The Heavy Guard waves them through, despite the objections of the Scrawny Prisoner.

SCRAWNY PRISONER
You can't put me in there with him!
The Butcher will eat my face off!

CORRECTION OFFICER
Ha, wouldn't be much of a meal.

The terrified Scrawny Prisoner concedes the point with a nod as the pretty Female Scientist turns to her male colleague.

FEMALE SCIENTIST

So, how did they get the Butcher to take the Hyperion?

MALE SCIENTIST

Nurse told him it was a mandatory vaccination for some phony virus.

FEMALE SCIENTIST

Good move. The general and the gray guy want to know where we stand on marketing.

MALE SCIENTIST

Do we really need marketing?

FEMALE SCIENTIST

You're kidding, right? How else are we supposed to justify those billions?

The scientists laugh.

MALE SCIENTIST

Sorry, I'm new here. Still learning the ropes. I don't want to end up like that German doctor who got canned for curing cancer. Like anyone wants that. Well, except the guy with cancer, I guess.

As they approach a lone cell with a thick iron door, the Scrawny Prisoner grows more restless.

SCRAWNY PRISONER

No, you can't! Please!

Despite his protest, the Correction Officer opens the cell door, tosses the prisoner inside, and quickly locks it shut.

CORRECTION OFFICER

You science nerds want to see this?

The scientists nod and the Correction Officer opens a wide latch on the door that allows them to peer inside.

IN THE BLEAK CELL: a massive mountain of a man with muscles that defy human anatomy -- The BUTCHER. The deadly looking Butcher cradles a stuffed teddy bear, like a child, while the Scrawny Prisoner cowers in the corner.

BUTCHER

You want to be my friend and play?

The skittish Scrawny Prisoner slowly approaches The Butcher.

FEMALE SCIENTIST (O.S.)
Looks like it's working great.

The Butcher drops teddy and hugs his scrawny new cellmate who seems relieved until... Butcher suddenly begins crushing the life out of him! The Butcher's dead "friend" slumps to the floor with a THUD.

MALE SCIENTIST (O.S.)
Think we need more R and D.

FEMALE SCIENTIST (O.S.)
We could always just list it as a possible side effect.

The Butcher begins foaming at the mouth and also collapses, dead, his large head hitting the ground near his cute teddy.

FEMALE SCIENTIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, more R and D.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A corporate sign for HappyPharma drugs hangs crookedly in a sloppy office filled with makeshift computer tech products.

GABE GRANT (30's) a dapper scoundrel with a restless intellect and mischievous smile, dances behind a cluttered desk, near a pair of goofy looking 6 foot tall toy robots.

Wires dangle from Gabe's earbuds as he bops up and down to the tune of the Queen classic 'I Want It All' while his fingers dance away on the keyboard of a sleek laptop.

Feeling the music, Gabe passionately belts out the lyrics.

GABE GRANT
I want it all. I want it all. I
want it all, and I want it now!

Gabe spins around, hums the rest of the melody.

A bar on the laptop screen finishes loading. Words Flash: "TRANSFER COMPLETE," then, "UPLOADING PERSONNEL FILES." Gabe grins like the Cheshire Cat.

A door SLAMS. Gabe pops out his earbuds and nonchalantly looks up to see an angry man, dressed in a stiff suit, standing in front of his desk. This is BOB, head of HappyPharma security.

Gabe flashes Bob a cheerful smile.

GABE

Wow, that was quick, Bob. Like, I literally just hacked the company servers and - bam - my old head of corporate security pops up.

Bob points to the HappyPharma sign.

BOB

GPS Tracker in the sign you stole.

GABE

They put GPS trackers in their signs? Who's going to steal a... oh, right.

BOB

You didn't really think you'd get away with this, Gabe?

GABE

No, but I couldn't resist the sign.

BOB

What you couldn't resist was the butt-load of money you embezzled!

Gabe casually checks his watch as Bob grows more agitated.

BOB (CONT'D)

But the cash wasn't enough. You had to go leak the names of every politician HappyPharma pays off!

GABE

Those overpaid hacks took kickbacks to get toxic Cherry Crush Cough syrup approved for kids, Bob.

BOB

It was only a little toxic! And your conscience never stopped you from cashing those big checks.

GABE

Well, someone had to be the guy who ruined the family party by letting the kids know it's a bad idea to sit on Uncle Joe's lap.

BOB

I have no idea what that means, but you cost the company a fortune!

GABE
That I did. Tell you what,
corporate can keep my super
expensive robot assistants.

Gabe strokes his hand up and down.

GABE (CONT'D)
They come with a kung fu grip.

BOB
Always the smart ass. Thanks to you
most of us are getting canned, or
worse! What am I supposed to do if
my kid has an allergy attack?

GABE
I hear our EpiPens go for a little
less than a Rolex, so, no worries.

Gabe attempts to leave, but Bob blocks his path.

BOB
You pissed off some powerful people
Gabe. Now he's on his way.

GABE
(smirks)
Oh, I'll be long gone by the time
their enforcer gets here. Now, if
you'll excuse me.

Bob pulls out a handgun, erasing Gabe's smirk.

GABE (CONT'D)
Whoa, definitely not cool, Bob.

BOB
I should save Kronos the trouble
and show you what happens to guys
who play Internet hero.

GABE
Come on, Bobster, you're not going
to shoot me over a little
embezzlement and a few billion in
lost government bribes, are you?

BANG - Bob shoots Gabe in the chest, dropping him!

Bob runs over to Gabe and kneels down to check his pulse.
Suddenly, Gabe's hand pops up -- holding a stun gun! He tases
Bob, who slumps to the floor, twitching in agony.

Gabe stands and dusts himself off, examining the hole in his dress shirt. He looks down at Bob.

GABE (CONT'D)
What kind of a world do we live in
where the rich have to wear
bulletproof vests?

As Gabe rushes for the door, the window EXPLODES, knocking him to the floor.

Gabe is frozen in terror at the sight of a tall figure wearing a crimson cape - Kronos. He now wears a black superhero suit with a bold red "G" on his chest.

Kronos hoists Gabe up by the collar.

Gabe jams the CRACKLING stun gun into Kronos's side. The menacing alien produces a sinister smile.

KRONOS
That tickles.

EXT. CHANCE NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Bullets fly and ricochet off the imposing facade of the Chance National Bank.

A dozen heavily-armed ROBBERS, in full body armor, brandish assault rifles as they trade fire with a small army of Chance City POLICE OFFICERS, who are pinned behind their squad cars.

SUPER: "THREE YEARS LATER"

A cop gets shot, flies backwards as bullets bounce harmlessly off the Robbers' steel chest plates.

Two criminals, ROBBER #1 and ROBBER #2, are lugging bags of cash as they make a break toward an armored hot dog vending truck. The words "Bite My Wiener" are embossed on the side.

Robber #1 points the smoking barrel of his assault rifle at a couple of cowering police officers.

ROBBER #1
Too easy. We're gonna' be living
like them Wall Street tycoons
tonight, boys! Now, let's bolt.

Suddenly, a BLURRY FIGURE streaks past each Robber, and their guns seem to vanish as they're plucked from their hands!

The blur takes shape to reveal JON JUN a.k.a. BOLT, a lean, masked Chinese-American speedster (18), who'll never be fast enough to outrun his insecurities. A stylized red "G" dominates his super suit.

BOLT
Someone looking for me?

Bolt holds the robbers' heavy weapons in his outstretched arms. Limbs shaking, he tries to hide his discomfort behind a forced smile, but the weight becomes too much and he clumsily drops the guns!

BOLT (CONT'D)
Crap.
(looks around)
I hope nobody saw that.

Bolt zooms toward Robbers #1 and #2, laying both out with one awesome, speedy punch.

Another hero rockets through the sky -- it's Kronos! He smashes into a flagpole before hoisting Robbers #3 and #4 into the air and then dropping them with a sickening CRUNCH.

Kronos zips away, past a stunning spitfire of a lass...

Meet DEBRA DANES, a.k.a FLAME (20s), flowing red locks, tight leather outfit. Her exotic green eyes peer out from her domino mask. She also sports a "G" on her chest.

ROBBER #5
It's The Guardians, time to go!

The remaining robbers freak out and flee.

With little effort, Flame lifts the robbers' armored truck overhead and chucks it after them! The truck bounces, flips over, and pins four Robbers, #5-8, to the ground. They squirm like mice caught in a glue trap. Flame strolls over to them.

ROBBER #5 (CONT'D)
Please don't burn me lady!

FLAME
Why does everyone think I have fire powers? Have I ever burned anything? Flame. Red hair.
(holds some up)
Get it?

Kronos lands behind Robbers #9 and #10. He lifts up a robber in each hand, grabbing them by their armored chest-plates, then smashes them together - CRUNCH! They crumple like cans.

As Kronos stands there defiantly, his cape blowing heroically in the wind, an American flag, from the damaged flagpole, wafts down and drapes across his shoulders, ennobling him.

Police officers emerge from hiding and burst into thunderous applause at the obscenely heroic sight.

Bolt glances at Kronos -- the spitting image of superhero perfection. He turns to Flame.

BOLT

I swear he does that on purpose.

Suddenly, a hot-wired SUV races away, Robbers #11-12 inside. A huge dark figure appears and leaps, catlike, onto the hood!

This is MARCUS MONROE a.k.a. KNIGHTSTALKER (30s) -- a powerfully built black man, in a hooded trench coat, black visor and sporting a red utility belt with a "G" buckle.

He pulls out two small silver spheres and slam-dunks them through the windshield. They detonate in the cab, bringing the vehicle to a sudden stop.

The remaining two robbers roll out of the car and run off, SCREAMING like a couple of scared little girls.

Knightstalker snarls, vaults off the moving car, and smacks Robber #11 down with a perfectly placed jumping side-kick.

Robber #12 swings his armored arm, but Knightstalker catches the arm and judo flips him over his shoulder, sending him crashing down onto the unforgiving pavement.

The heroes gather together in front of the bank striking a heroic pose as the police tend to the unconscious criminals.

Fans gather, jostling for position, snapping pictures with their cell phones. Kronos eats it up.

INT. ROOK ISLAND PRISON - DAY

Over Queen's liberating ballad 'I Want to Break Free,' we pass cell upon cell of lethargic looking prisoners, some of whom foam at the mouth.

The more coherent prisoners are visibly sad because their favorite cellmate is leaving today. A muscular TATTOOED PRISONER, with a knife tattoo on his forehead, weeps uncontrollably.

TATTOOED PRISONER

Please don't leave us, Mr. Grant!

FOUR LARGE CORRECTIONS OFFICERS escort the man who's the cause of all this misery down the long cell block. It's Gabe.

Despite the grimy environment, Gabe's hair is immaculately groomed and he wears a crisp, classy suit. Oddly, his tie sports the Guardian "G" symbol.

With a wry smile on his face, Gabe skips over to his incarcerated fan, followed like glue by his entourage.

GABE

Chin up, Knife. I promise to keep
my juicy stock tips coming, okay?

The Tattooed Prisoner wipes his tears and forces a smile -- it's clear that Gabe owns the joint.

The Corrections officers lead him away from the cell. Gabe turns to one of them -- a muscle bound woman with big breasts and bright red lipstick.

GABE (CONT'D)

Seriously, between you and me, it's
cool if you have man parts.

The Corrections officer glares at him and cracks her knuckles. Gabe mouths a "call me."

EXT. ROOK ISLAND PRISON - CONTINUOUS

Gabe exits the prison through imposing steel gates, stops and takes his first breath of freedom.

ANDREA EVANS (30's) a blonde lawyer, with an angelic face only a blind man could resist, waits for Gabe outside the gate. Gabe shoots her a smile and she frowns.

As the large gates CLANG shut, Gabe and Andrea are instantly engulfed by a seething tide of REPORTERS, shouting questions! REPORTER #1 shoves a microphone in Gabe's face.

REPORTER #1

Mr. Grant, what are your plans now?

ANDREA

My client is not answering any
questions at this time.

GABE

It's okay, Andrea.
(grandstanding)

GABE (CONT'D)
 Today, my friends, justice has
 finally been served. I'm free!

Like a bizarre amalgam of an oily politician and a slick
 carney barker, Gabe has the reporters hypnotized.

GABE (CONT'D)
 My father used to say, "Beware of
 wolves in sheep's clothing." I leak
 a few embarrassing emails - and
 let's be honest folks, what bribe
 loving politician doesn't enjoy
 getting spanked by an escort - and
 somehow I'm the bad guy? And who
 are they really "guarding" in their
 tower? The rich? The powerful? Who
 guards The Guardians?!

REPORTER #1
 So what's the G on the tie for?

GABE
 What else, man - Gabe!

REPORTER #1
 Gabe, the press has labeled you a
 super-villain. Any truth to that?

GABE
 I've been vilified by a justice
 system that's become a tool for the
 elite. The real villain is that
 flying gray wolf underneath the
 spandex outfit!

Gabe points toward the massed city towers in the distance.

INT. AMERICA EXPOSED NEWSROOM - NIGHT

In a brightly lit studio, CAROL CHAMBERS (20s), a bubble-
 boobed anchor reads copy. The monitor beside her displays a
 glamour shot of Kronos.

CAROL
 Tonight on America Exposed, we'll
 take a look at hard-bodied heroes,
 The Guardians, and the villains
 that give them so much grief.

THE MONITOR PLAYS ARCHIVED FOOTAGE OF A PRESS CONFERENCE:
 Kronos stands behind a podium surrounded by a frenzied media.

CAROL (V.O) (CONT'D)
We begin with a look at Kronos, the
beloved leader of the team, who
became a true American hero.

KRONOS
I come from a world far away and
much older than yours. This
longevity has granted my people
certain evolutionary... advantages.

Kronos spreads his arms and slowly rises into the air. A
storm of flashbulbs! With a smile, he settles back down.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
Yet, despite all that power, my
society was a peaceful utopia.

Kronos lowers his head. His deep red eyes fill with sadness.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
When my world suffered a deadly
cataclysm due to the neglect of our
warming climate, only I, a
scientist conducting orbital
research, survived. When my ship's
energy waned, I journeyed here.

Kronos looks up and surveys the crowd of reporters.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
I stand before you as one of
America's many undocumented
immigrants. Your government has
promised to grant me asylum. I
will grant your people protection.
I will be your Guardian.

BACK IN THE NEWS ROOM, Carol's heaving bosom reports.

CAROL
Of course, any good hero needs a
bad guy to defeat. An arch nemeses
to show off those washboard abs in
action. A super-villain...

EXT. GABE'S ESTATE - NIGHT

A huge medieval-style fortress is surrounded by a steel gate
and flanked by two poles at each end topped by brilliant
security lights -- this man's home is truly his castle.

INT. GABE'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

This extravagant bedroom is fit for a modern day king.

A glass curio cabinet sits in a corner and a flock of advanced academic degrees adorn the rich velvet walls where a giant Warhol-type portrait of Gabe watches over the room.

America Exposed plays on a mounted flat screen TV.

CAROL (ON THE TV)
Villains like tech genius Gabe Grant, the HappyPharma bigwig who was apprehended by Kronos for embezzling billions and leaking doctored emails that attempted to show illegal activity between our government and major pharmaceutical companies. Grant was released earlier today, just as a powerful new drug epidemic has taken over Rook Island prison...

Gabe and Andrea lie on red satin sheets under a skylight full of moon glow.

ANDREA
Turn that garbage off honey.

Gabe cuts her a questioning look.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
It's over. You're free now, honey.
It's time to move on and forget.

GABE
Babe, that lunatic took three years of my life away. Three years of prison food, creepy showers...

Gabe shudders.

ANDREA
And conjugal visits. Let's not forget about those.

GABE
That's what made it bearable. And I do realize that without the appeal, we'd have never even met.

ANDREA
See, something good came out of all the bad.

GABE

Yeah, you'd be surprised how hard
it is to find a good lawyer.

Andrea playfully punches Gabe in the arm.

GABE (CONT'D)

Hey, watch it, cookie. I'm a super-
villain.

ANDREA

And I'm a whip-wielding dominatrix.

GABE

Ooh, I like the sound of that.

Gabe moves in for the kill, but Andrea holds him at bay.

ANDREA

Listen... I didn't want to bring it
up until you were out... but you
had to know it was coming, so...

(beat)

Why did you do it, Gabe?

Gabe raises an eyebrow inquisitively.

GABE

What happened to move on and
forget?

ANDREA

Come on, I'm proud of you for all
the fighting-corporate-greed stuff.
But grand larceny? Crazy, machine-
gun robots--

GABE

Which would have been the must-have
Christmas toy if super-loon hadn't
started stalking me. And the robots
didn't originally come with guns.

ANDREA

Kronos is bulletproof, honey.

GABE

But...

(points down)

Are his testicles?

Andrea lovingly grabs Gabe's crotch pointing hand.

ANDREA

Some would say stealing from
HappyPharma was hypocritical, Gabe.

GABE

Well, I would say I deserved a
nice, fat, severance package for
outing the company.

ANDREA

I thought you weren't that poor kid
from the slums who only cared about
money anymore.

GABE

No, I still only care about money!

ANDREA

Nice, Gabe. The guy I fell for
decided he wanted to be better than
those corporate criminals.

Gabe turns to a photograph on the nightstand of a happy 9
year-old boy with his unmistakably blue-collar father.

GABE

Maybe I was one of them too long.
Or maybe I was a big sap who cared
that people lost everything to buy
medicine... Or maybe it was all
just an elaborate plot to meet my
beautiful lawyer.

ANDREA

That's an awful lot of maybes.
(smiles)
Though I really like that last one.

GABE

Yeah, well maybe I'll take you on
an overdue romantic cruise where we
can kiss under an ocean full of
stars for hours. Maybe.

Gabe leans in and kisses her. They wrestle a bit. Andrea
breaks off and eyes him intently.

ANDREA

Seriously, Gabe, I know you're
bitter, but you can't let that stop
you from doing meaningful work.

She stares deeply into his eyes. Gabe winks.

GABE

Honey, I'm through worrying about the greater good, but trust me, I'm about to do some meaningful work.

Gabe smiles and kisses Andrea while looking up through the skylight at the moon. A familiar figure, soaring high above, catches Gabe's gaze as his eyes widen with fear!

GABE (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Quickly, he rolls Andrea off the bed and onto the ground -- just as Kronos CRASHES through the skylight and lands on the bed in a hail of glass shards, seizing Gabe by his neck.

A security alarm WAILS belatedly.

Kronos SLAMS Gabe up against the wall, shattering several of his plaques. He holds Gabe up by the neck with one arm.

ANDREA

Leave him alone, you monster!

GABE

Well, that was superfluous. You could've just rang my doorbell.

KRONOS

The government froze your assets when I captured you, yet you seem to be doing quite well, Gabriel.

Kronos tightens his grip, constricting Gabe's neck.

GABE

(struggling to speak)

Well, there is that secret bank account in Zurich. Can't fault the system for missing that one.

KRONOS

Your legal system is flawed like your species. I will correct this.

GABE

"Correct" it how? And - wait a minute - is that a codpiece I feel, or you just happy to see me?

Kronos SLAMS Gabe against the wall. Gabe shrieks in pain.

GABE (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, if you're going to kill me, spare me the agonizing hero speech and do it already!

KRONOS

I do not wish to kill you Gabriel. Though I am still very angry you stole my technology.

GABE

And I'm very angry you made me spend the last three years making damn sure I didn't drop the soap.

KRONOS

Because soap is slippery, yes?

GABE

Wow. Really? Look, let me go, big guy. I'm a lover, not a fighter...

Gabe's eyes flick toward the curio cabinet as Kronos's gaze follows: beside a photo of Martin Shkreli that reads "Dear Gabe, I hope you rot in prison asshole," there are two action figures on display showing Kronos on his hands and knees and Knightstalker behind him - mounting him!

Kronos eyes Gabe, irritated. Gabe laughs sheepishly.

KRONOS

What you are is a self-righteous criminal whose superior intellect serves an insatiable greed.

GABE

That's actually a fair assessment.

KRONOS

I believe you are destined for more, Gabriel. We can fix this broken world - together.

GABE

Together? If you're seriously asking for my help saving kittens from trees, you're insane!

Gabe angrily slaps Kronos's arms like a frustrated child.

GABE (CONT'D)

You may trade a suit for spandex, Kronos, but The Guardians are just another corrupt corporation!

Kronos squeezes Gabe's neck. Gabe winces and turns blue!

GABE (CONT'D)
In fact, I'd bet my balls your
whole hero act is bullshit, you
narcissistic dickwad. Speaking of-

Gabe reaches down into a secret compartment in the wall and pulls out a 44 Magnum hand cannon. He BLASTS Kronos in the gonads! Not a scratch. Kronos' eyes flash.

GABE (CONT'D)
Sorry, I just, I just had to know.

KRONOS
I will only make this offer once.

Andrea rushes over and WHACKS Kronos in the back with a bat. The bat breaks but Kronos doesn't even flinch.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
Join me in remedying the world --
or be corrected with it. You have
three days to decide.

Kronos abruptly releases Gabe, who collapses like a rag doll, before rocketing back up through the smashed skylight.

Gabe gasps for air, then catches his breath and looks up.

ANDREA
You okay? Why does he think you
stole from him? What the hell was
that all about, Gabe?

GABE
I... I don't know.

ANDREA
And how's he going to correct us?

GABE
I don't want to know.

EXT. RUBY'S BAR - NIGHT

An intoxicated young couple, a WOMAN and a MAN, totally into each other, exit the bar, followed by a very pretty third wheel, JANICE (20s). The couple hang onto each other, groping and kissing. The Woman pulls away and turns to Janice.

WOMAN
I'm gonna head back to his place.

JANICE
You sure? You had a lot to drink.

WOMAN
I'll be fine.
(stage whisper)
Gonna get me some of that D.

Janice lifts her hand, but the Woman is already gone.

JANICE
Yeah, so... I'll just catch a cab.

Janice heads down the desolate street. The flickering light from the neon "Ruby's" sign that illuminates the sidewalk fades with each step.

She passes a line of HOMELESS people with signs that read "Don't trust 'em," "Money for crack please, legal drugs are too expensive," and comically "I used to be a CEO."

Suddenly, a hand seizes her shoulder, pulling her into...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A deserted alley. A wild-eyed THUG holds a knife to Janice's throat. The Thug sweats and trembles. He's on... something.

THUG
Scream and you're dead!

Bolt appears out of nowhere, grabs the Thug by the hair, and in a flash, slams the Thug's head onto the pavement -- WHAM!

BOLT
This is your brain on drugs. Any questions?

THUG
(groggy)
You heroes did this.

Bolt cocks his head quizzically.

THUG (CONT'D)
It's your fault! Them guards said we was your test subjects!

Bolt lets the Thug up and allows him to rant.

THUG (CONT'D)
You may have hooked those other losers on Rook Island, but not me!

THUG (CONT'D)
Your Hyperion - or whatever that
freak called it - I beat it!

The Thug takes a swing at Bolt, who easily dodges the blow.
The shaken Thug then turns and sprints away towards freedom,
while a confused Bolt stares after him.

JANICE (O.S.)
Thank you.

Bolt turns and sees Janice standing meekly in the alley. In
the light, she's so beautiful. Immediately, he's tongue-tied.

BOLT
Oh, hey... sure, that's what we, I,
do... my job. Yeah, umm... you
know, you're really pretty. You
wanna, umm, get together sometime?

JANICE
Your girlfriend shoots fire from
her hands. No thanks.

BOLT
Oh, no, she's not my girlfriend...
she's into, uh, gray guys. And
that's a common misconception,
about the fire powers. It's because
of her red hair and all. You know,
Flame. Fire. So...

Janice nods.

BOLT (CONT'D)
No, I'm single... yeah. And I
happen to know this great diner--

JANICE
Thanks, but I'm not really in the
mood to eat...

BOLT
Oh, I didn't mean... oh, not now,
of course, but... you know, some
other time?

Janice stares, then snickers, charmed by his awkward ways.

JANICE
You're a strange superhero.

BOLT
Strange can be a good thing...

Janice smiles. She removes a tube of lipstick from her purse and uses it to write her name and number on Bolt's gloved hand. Bolt smiles, then hails a passing cab.

Janice climbs in. She looks up at her smitten, doe-eyed hero.

JANICE
Give me a call sometime, Bolt.

BOLT
Jon. Call me Jon.

JANICE
(smiles)
Give me a call sometime, Jon.

The cab takes off. Bolt looks thrilled.

BOLT
You're the man, Jon.

Suddenly, a tinted black Escalade screeches to a halt in front of Bolt. Two huge Italian mobsters, TONY and VINNIE, wearing fine Italian suits, pop out wielding handguns.

TONY
The Don says hello!

The mobsters fire freely. Bolt dodges the bullets, easily. He disarms them in one quick motion and slams their heads into the hood of their car.

BOLT
Tony. Vinnie. Must we keep doing this, fellas? I mean, doesn't your boss know the mob is basically obsolete now? He'd actually do much better as a politician. Capiche?

TONY & VINNIE
(like schoolchildren)
Capiche.

The would-be hitmen slump back into their car and drive off.

Bolt looks down at the mobsters' guns lying in the street. One gun has some red on it. He looks down at his hand. The lipstick has smeared, making Janice's number unreadable.

BOLT
(crushed)
Oh man, What was it? Eight..five...

A truck drives by - BIG MIKE'S PLUMBING - with a giant phone number on it. Bolt stares at it.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Oh, great! Now that's all I can think about! Thanks, Big Mike.

Bolt walks off, forlorn.

INT. AMERICA EXPOSED NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Carol's attractive face glows with a fresh coat of makeup.

CAROL
Thanks to their heroics, The Guardians must contend with a new crop of criminals that arose to fight the system. Villains like drug kingpin Kurtis King, the recipient of Flame's unwanted heat.

On the monitor, a mug shot: a handsome African-American man (20s) in a tacky fur coat (think old-school pimp), flashing an ear-to-ear grin. It's KURTIS KING a.k.a. CALIBER.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Nicknamed Caliber, due to his reputation for packing, huge, high-caliber weaponry in his pants, King was captured by the hot hero, but set free on a technicality.

Carol squirms in her chair, looking uncomfortable.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Or the nefarious Dr. Biron Von Strusburg, better known as the sadistic Surgeon.

On the monitor: a video still of a frail, yet creepy, old bald man who wears tiny round glasses and a white lab coat -- DR. BIRON VON STRUSBURG a.k.a. The SURGEON.

CAROL (CONT'D)
A ruthless serial killer, the disgraced former HappyPharma chemist attacks his vulnerable victims in area hospitals - no health insurance required...

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A sterile hospital room. A bed in dim light, in which a man sleeps. America Exposed plays on a TV above the bed.

CAROL (ON THE TV)
 Though Knightstalker ended his
 rounds, Surgeon escaped from
 Bellevue Psychiatric last week and
 is currently still at large.

A hand places a grubby video camera on a table and switches
 it to record.

CAMERA POV

Hands wearing surgical gloves move a rolling metal instrument
 table into frame and place a bottle of wine, a wine glass, an
 old cassette player, and a leather pouch that jingles.

The sleeping PATIENT stirs slightly but continues sleeping
 while the gloved hands open the pouch to reveal an assortment
 of gleaming surgical tools.

Without warning, the Surgeon moves into frame and kicks the
 patient's bed. The Patient whips his head around.

PATIENT
 (sleepy)
 Doc? What...

SURGEON
 (finger to lips)
 Shhhh, mein friend.

Surgeon pulls out a pre-loaded syringe and injects the
 patient's IV line. The patient's eyes widen in terror.

PATIENT
 No, it's, it's you! Help! Why can't
 I move? Somebody help me!

Surgeon mouths a silent "shhh," while his sedative takes
 effect, anesthetizing the patient and causing him to quiet
 down, though his eyes still stare in mute supplication.

Surgeon places an unmarked cassette into the tape player...
 REO Speedwagon's "Can't Fight This Feeling" chimes out from
 the speakers.

Surgeon uncorks the wine, pours it, and savors it like a
 connoisseur. Eyes closed, entranced by the music, he removes
 a scalpel from the leather pouch.

As he rhythmically sways back and forth, silently singing
 along, Surgeon conducts the music with his scalpel. It
 swishes dangerously back and forth over his victim, whose
 eyes follow in horror.

Surgeon takes a moment to flash a creepy smile toward the camera - the man enjoys an audience.

As the music reaches a sweeping crescendo, Surgeon cuts into his Patient. The gore is shielded by the Surgeon's body. The Patient writhes horribly.

"And I can't fight this feeling anymore"... Surgeon jerks towards the camera, proudly presenting the victim's sickly, tumor-covered liver, as crimson blood drips down his sleeve!

EXT. GUARDIAN TOWER - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A gleaming tower in the shape of a giant "G" dominates the spectacular city skyline.

INT. GUARDIAN TOWER/BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

The weights come supersized in this gym for super-humans.

Knightstalker hops on a treadmill. He places a conspicuous laptop with a red "G" on it on the dashboard and begins gracefully typing away - while running full speed!

Kronos hands Flame one WHITE PILL and one GREEN PILL before turning his attention to an impossibly thick curl bar with ten thousand pounds on each end.

Kronos curls the bar with ease but his workout is interrupted when the door whips open and Bolt dashes in, frazzled.

KNIGHTSTALKER

The fastest man on the planet and
he's always late to our meetings.

BOLT

(to Kronos)

Sorry, K, robbery downtown. Cops
held me until I gave a statement.

KRONOS

A statement. Why must your justice
always be perverted by bureaucracy?

Bolt shrugs and cheerfully jumps on a treadmill next to the brooding Knightstalker -- who immediately makes a sour face and leaps off to escape Bolt.

BOLT

(to Knightstalker)

So, I think I know how to find your
guy. There's a pattern to his
crazy. See, he always starts his
killing spree at the same--

KNIGHTSTALKER

I told you to back off! He's mine!

Bolt runs so fast the treadmill smokes, forcing him off.

BOLT

Marcus, I can help you stop this maniac for good. No one deserves to die listening to Boston--

KNIGHTSTALKER

It's REO Speedwagon, punk! And he's my problem. Worry about your mafia Don you can't get any shit on. Like the mafia are even a thing anymore, pfft.

Knightstalker begins wailing on a heavy bag with a red G.

KNIGHTSTALKER (CONT'D)

Or go race Kronos, 'cause our fans want to know who's faster, right? But stay out of my personal shit!

Bolt backs off, gives Knightstalker a curious look.

KRONOS

That's enough, Marcus. We know Jon's intentions as always are pure, though sometimes misguided.

Kronos continues to pump out reps.

BOLT

Stopping a killer is misguided?
(remembers)
Oh, hey, listen, something weird happened tonight.

Flame does squats with the same type of bar Kronos is using but with only five thousand pounds. She racks the bar.

FLAME

We're leather-clad superheroes, Jon. Weird is kind of our thing.

BOLT

Point taken, but I think there's a new drug out there. This stoner was on something called "Hyperion."

Flame and Knightstalker look sharply at Kronos, whose biceps bulge as he vigorously curls the weight. Bolt's eyes narrow.

BOLT (CONT'D)

Okay, what's going on, K? I know you and Marcus have been spending a lot of time in the lab together--

KNIGHTSTALKER

That ain't none of your business!

BOLT

Oh, I get it. Being an alien, it's completely natural to want to experiment with human sexuality, and Marcus happens to be a very handsome man--

KNIGHTSTALKER

I had it with your mouth punk!

FLAME

Chill out, Marcus.

Knightstalker stops pounding the heavy bag, glares at Bolt.

FLAME (CONT'D)

It's okay, Kronos, he's one of us.

Kronos shoots Flame an angry stare and accidentally snaps the curling bar in half! He gently places each end down.

BOLT

What aren't you guys telling me?

KRONOS

Come with me, Jon.

INT. GUARDIAN TOWER/THEATER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A luxurious movie room with plush leather seats -- these heroes have all the toys. Bolt sits in the last row while Kronos, Flame and Knightstalker stand behind him.

BOLT

Can I grab some popcorn? It will literally take me--

KNIGHTSTALKER

No!

A cartoon video plays on the large movie screen. Words flash, "YOUR WORLD THEN." America's violent history: silly looking cartoon cavemen club one another; brother against brother in the Civil War...

KRONOS (O.S.)
 I have endeavored to save your
 people, Jon, but heroes are not
 enough. What they require is a drug
 that can cure the disease of hate.

Cartoon allied soldiers storm the beaches of Normandy.

BOLT (O.S.)
 Isn't that what Xanax is for?

KRONOS (O.S.)
 I have created something unlike the
 prescription medications humans
 adore. My drug inhibits aggression
 and makes people... obedient.

Cartoon U.S. tanks face Taliban rebels in the desert.

BOLT
 I'm slow. What are you saying, K?

KRONOS
 That your people are so captivated
 by the oversized rear end of your
 Kardashian, they fail to notice the
 fire that is brewing. But, I can
 annihilate the flames of hate!

BOLT
 "Annihilate the flames of hate!"
 (flamboyantly)
 Someone's a drama queen.

The words "YOUR WORLD NOW" flash across the screen. Cartoon
 orb-like spores rain down from the sky.

FLAME
 Jon, just listen for once.

Prescriptions in hand, happy crowds flock to inhaler
 dispensary stations manned by military personnel.

KRONOS
 After several experiments, my drug
 was successfully adapted to work
 with human physiology. In three
 days, we will have enough Hyperion
 to treat the world.

The cartoon reveals a new world where nations surrender their
 nuclear arms, criminals submit to arrest, and dogs and cats
 resolve their long-standing rivalry with a paw shake.

The movie concludes with the ominous words, "ONE NATION UNDER THE GUARDIANS."

Bolt hops over his seat to confront Kronos.

BOLT

Holy shit, that's what that creep was ranting about! You've been testing it on criminals!

Kronos nods calmly.

KRONOS

We will ameliorate mankind during the president's State of the Union Address. As people look to their leader for answers, we will give them a perfect solution. So, will you help us heal the world, Jon?

BOLT

And by heal you mean, what, hook? You guys can't be serious here. Especially you, Deb!

Flame walks over to Bolt and tenderly strokes his face.

FLAME

No more hate or war. People will be happy all the time, Jon.

BOLT

People shouldn't be happy all the time. Being miserable is normal!

KNIGHTSTALKER

Told you the kid wouldn't go for it, Kronos. Time for plan B.

KRONOS

Humans naturally resist what is best, Jon, which is why we must distract them. To ensure complete dependency on Hyperion, the drug will launch alongside a new application that will keep humanity fixated on their cellular devices.

Kronos turns and catches Flame sending a text on her phone while Knightstalker, also glued to his cell, watches a funny cat video. Flame tears herself away to appeal to Bolt.

FLAME

I know Kronos is monologuing here,
but come on Jon, we're actually
giving the first batch away free.

Bolt considers his options, puts on his best poker face.

BOLT

Oh, that's great... okay, this is a
lot to take in, but... you got me.
(pumps fist)
Let's do this... So, um, how we
gonna distribute the drug anyway?

KRONOS

Slow down, Jon. We must immunize
you first my friend. Debra...

Flame reluctantly opens her hand, revealing the green and
white pills. Their eyes meet as she hands Bolt the white one.

BOLT

So, I take this and I wont have to
worry about my erection lasting
more than four hours, huh? Okay.

A jittery Bolt places the pill into his mouth. Kronos looks
pleased, but Knightstalker's not buying it. A beat.

KNIGHTSTALKER

Now swallow like a good girl!

Bolt spits the pill into his hand.

Suddenly, Knightstalker attacks Bolt with a flurry of
strikes! Bolt dodges the blows and counters with a left-right
combo that shoots out like two bullets, flooring
Knightstalker.

Bolt streaks away!

Knightstalker makes it to his feet, bursting with rage. He
heads for the door. Kronos and Flame don't follow. He turns.

KNIGHTSTALKER (CONT'D)

Well, let's go get him.

KRONOS

Why? No one can stop us now.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

A desolate bridge across the river. Something ZIPS to a stop -
- Bolt. He stands, chest heaving, gazing back at the city.

Guardian Tower stands proudly in the distance. Sadness fills Bolt's features.

Bolt stares at the small pill in his palm, pockets it, then leans out and looks over the river, devastated. Rippling in the water, a red and yellow sign...

Bolt looks up. It's a reflection of a HappyPharma sign. They have a shining building right on the water.

A HOMELESS MAN sitting on a suspension beam raises a bottle of booze to Bolt as something new fills his features -- hope.

INT. GABE'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Plastic flaps on the hole in the large skylight. It's been hastily fixed with plastic and masking tape.

Gabe and Andrea lie in their impressive bed, passionately kissing each other.

WHOOOP WHOOOP WHOOOP! There go the security alarms again!

GABE

Not again!

Gabe looks up at the broken skylight, expecting Kronos.

BLAM! The bedroom door bursts open and in zooms Bolt. He halts abruptly in front of Gabe. Wind from Bolt's backwash blows Gabe's hair back.

GABE (CONT'D)

Okay, get it over with.

BOLT

Excuse me?

ANDREA

Christ Gabe, what do you do to attract these people?

Bolt stares, hypnotized, as Andrea climbs out of bed wearing a sexy negligee.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

You want me to pose for a picture?

BOLT

Huh? Oh, thanks, I mean--

GABE

Why are you here? Because it's
starting to feel like you people
just don't want me to get laid.

Bolt composes himself. He tries not to look at Andrea.

BOLT

I need your help, Gabe Grant!

Gabe stares at Bolt, unimpressed.

GABE

My help? You "superheroes" have a
lot of nerve, kid! I exposed the
real criminals out there. I force-
fed everyone the truth... And they
called me a villain for it.

BOLT

Umm, sorry?

GABE

You Guardians are nothing but a
special interest group with really
cool outfits.

BOLT

You don't understand, Kronos is
going to hook everyone on some
crazy alien drug. I need your help -
to save the world!

Gabe grabs a back scratcher and goes to town on his back.

GABE

Fine. Talk. But you better be the
last superhero that stops me from
having sex tonight.

EXT. SWEET HAVEN STREET - NIGHT

In contrast to the rest of the modern city, this seedy
neighborhood is pure urban nightmare fuel.

Sirens and occasional gunfire echo throughout the graffiti
filled streets, interrupted every now and then by the sound
of breaking glass and blaring store alarms.

Knightstalker stands on the roof of a rundown apartment
building, his hooded silhouette resembling the Grim Reaper.

EXT. ROOFTOP/ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUOUS

Knightstalker stares down at the front of a shady electronics store below. America Exposed plays on a TV in the window.

CAROL (ON THE TV)

After Kronos arrived, millennial heroes, Flame and Bolt showed up, joining forces with the alien hero and enigmatic Knightstalker, who may be the most dangerous Guardian despite having no superpowers...

ON THE TV: bleary security cam footage of Knightstalker foiling a robbery inside a bodega, kicking all kinds of ass before grabbing a six pack -- and walking out without paying!

IN FRONT OF THE ELECTRONICS STORE, two TEENAGE MALES meet. TEEN #1 (the seller) hands a package to TEEN #2 in return for cash. With a street handshake, they separate.

Knightstalker quickly descends the building's fire escape and drops onto Teen #1 from above, like a lion on a gazelle. The kid struggles. Big mistake. Knightstalker pummels him.

KNIGHTSTALKER

You don't sell drugs in my town!

Knightstalker's fists pound Teen #1's face. The boy screams through mashed lips--

TEEN #1

Drugs? Can't make no money selling drugs anymore. It's video games!

Knightstalker gets one more punch in, then stops.

KNIGHTSTALKER

What, punk?

TEEN #1

Video games! I was selling some old games to my homie!

Knightstalker rummages through Teen #1's bag -- video games. And a Knightstalker action figure.

TEEN #1 (CONT'D)

You can keep that.

KNIGHTSTALKER

Kid, I'm sorry. But you gotta be careful round here. These streets are real dangerous.

TEEN #1
You ain't kidding, asshole!

The kid runs off, looking back in disgust at his hero.

Knightstalker's phone RINGS on his utility belt. He answers.

KNIGHTSTALKER
Uh, huh... scouted from a buncha
rooftops. No sign of Jon nowhere...
...Well I don't like it, sir.
Punk's up to something.

Knightstalker peers at a billboard in the distance: Bolt running through a flowery field. The tagline reads: "Life moves fast for a guy like me, so it's important I don't let joint pain slow me down. For my needs, I take -- Expedious."

Knightstalker boils.

EXT. SWEET HAVEN - EXPRESSWAY - LATER

Knightstalker speeds away on his bad-ass motorcycle. He passes a sign: NOW LEAVING SWEET HAVEN - I GUESS YOU MADE IT

INT. GABE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bolt paces back and forth at super-speed. Andrea stands near Gabe with a tightly clenched fist, looking annoyed.

ANDREA
Please stop doing that!

Bolt purses his lip and stops.

Gabe sits at a computer desk littered with scientific equipment while staring at a complex molecule that rotates on the screen. Bolt looks over Gabe's shoulder at the monitor.

GABE
Well, the FDA will definitely be getting a big kickback to approve this, that's for sure.

BOLT
I knew it. The Guardians were going to make me their lap-dog, right?

GABE
Not exactly. The actual Hyperion drug needs to be in a form that's easily dispersed, like an aerosol. It's their counteragent that would be in pill form.

ANDREA

A pill The Guardians can take to protect themselves from the effects of their own drug, right?

GABE

Way to clarify the MacGuffin, dear.

Gabe holds up the white pill that Flame gave to Bolt.

GABE (CONT'D)

But this pill is different. It's some sort of genetic suppressor.

BOLT

English.

GABE

(spoken like a caveman)

It. Take. You powers. Go bye, bye. It's gotta be tied to the same aggression gene that drug is.

ANDREA

Kronos probably made it in case you or the fake red-head went rogue.

BOLT

Awesome.

Gabe sips brandy.

GABE

Pretty clever actually. Man, I'll bet HappyPharma has a hand in this. I told em not to trust the Big Bad Wolf, but why would anyone listen to the most brilliant mind on the planet, right?

BOLT

Not to mention the most modest.

GABE

You're right, kid, the world needs more geniuses with humility! Too bad there are so few of us left. I just can't believe that lunatic actually wanted me to join your team of super-nuts. I'd literally rather have the NSA release my folder of nude selfies.

Bolt studies Gabe, trying to figure him out.

ANDREA

(to Bolt)

It takes a while, but eventually he grows on you.

BOLT

I just don't get why Kronos always had such a thing for you, Gabe.

GABE

Must be my shiny hair. Although that drug would obviate the need to use my hot-oil treatment again.

BOLT

The hot-oil stuff really works?

GABE

(runs fingers through hair)

The results don't lie, kid.

ANDREA

Can we focus here? There's a super-powered alien that's going to dose the world with some hyper-addictive drug!

BOLT

And they have a way to make me more useless than normal with their power-poooper pill. And it gets worse.

ANDREA

Of course it does.

BOLT

The Guardians also made some kind of mind-control mobile app that's gonna have everyone glued to their phones.

Tuning Bolt out, Gabe checks his email on his phone. Andrea pries Gabe's cell from his hand and puts it on the desk.

ANDREA

If your super-friends made some kind of anti-drug, counteragent thing, maybe it's not too late.

BOLT

That's why I'm here. In a few days the world goes to crap, so I'm hoping Captain Fancy Hair comes up with some complicated plan.

GABE

It's Professor Fancy Hair!

Gabe chugs down the rest of his drink.

GABE (CONT'D)

Plan's simple, kid. You're going to use that super-speed to blaze into Guardian Tower and swipe the real counteragent. I'll replicate enough for the three of us. I own a small island in the South Pacific. A nice tropical paradise. You're welcome to visit during Yom Kippur.

BOLT

What about the rest of the world?

GABE

What about 'em?

Bolt, speechless, turns to Andrea.

BOLT

Is this normal?

ANDREA

Long story short, getting locked-up soured him on philanthropy.

GABE

That's why I'm a super-villain now, muahahaha. It's much easier.

ANDREA

Honey, we talked about this--

Andrea takes Gabe's hand as she flashes her baby blues, shooting him a sultry look.

GABE

Don't you give me that look. You know I'm a sucker for that look.

ANDREA

(seductively)

What look? I just want you to do some meaningful work again.

GABE
Meaningful work is for martyrs and
poor people, honey.

ANDREA
Come on, don't you get it, Gabe?
This is your chance to really play
the hero.

Gabe likes the sound of that. He contemplates.

GABE
Hmm, the hero.

Gabe stands and flamboyantly prances around the room.

GABE (CONT'D)
The hero.
(strikes a pose)
Gabe Grant... hero.

Andrea and Bolt gaze indulgently back at him.

GABE (CONT'D)
You know, maybe that's what I
wanted... to be the hero. I did it
all wrong with the leaking-
corruption-from-the-shadows stuff.
It's time to step into the light.
(decides)
Fine, I'll do it. But only because
the world needs me.
(dramatic)
In a time of crisis... the call was
put forth for a hero... and it was
answered by... The Leaker!

Bolt and Andrea exchange glances.

GABE (CONT'D)
No? Okay, not great, sounds like
someone who pees a lot. But I need
a catchy name. Any ideas? No?
Okay, fine, we'll work on that...

BOLT
So, what's our first move? Can we
use the power-pooper pill to stop
big K?

GABE
No, it's designed to work on human
DNA. But I have another idea - one
you're not gonna like.

GABE (CONT'D)

(sighs)

We can't do this alone, and this is way beyond the cops. No, we need people who have dealt with your kind before.

BOLT

My kind? The Guardians are the only superheroes out there.

GABE

Not superheroes, my feeble-minded friend. We're going to need super-villains!

EXT. SWEET HAVEN - BROWNSTONE - DAY

SAM BROWN, a rough-looking African American man, with a big gold dollar-sign necklace, deals drugs in front of a rundown brownstone. DRUG ADDICTS cluster about, jonesing.

An expensive custom Mercedes with a sunroof pulls up in front of the brownstone. The license plate reads "CALIBER."

The sunroof opens. Caliber emerges. He's decked out in fur coat and bling with outrageous pimp shades.

CALIBER

Samuel Brown. What up, homie?
Now, I know you ain't dealin' in my town 'cause I never got my cut.

The drug addicts sense trouble and vanish like roaches.

SAM BROWN

This here's my block, Kurtis. You know how hard it is to make a buck? All the good shit's legal now! Only dealers making bang are in Washington Holmes. Now don't go believin' your own hype. Just cause Flame beat your ass don't make you no super-villain.

(smiles)

Just makes you a punk-ass bitch.

Two of Sam's men appear, their firearms pointed at Caliber, near a sign that reads "This is a GUN FREE ZONE." Sam pulls his own gun and makes it a trio.

SAM

Now that's ironic. Caliber outgunned.

Faster than Sam can blink, Caliber pulls out -- a sawed-off rocket launcher!

CALIBER

Caliber's never outgunned, bitch!

Caliber fires -- KABOOM! The blast sends a shower of body parts and concrete raining down on the sidewalk. The dollar-sign necklace SLAMS down on the car roof.

Caliber plucks it up, disappears back inside the car.

INT. CALIBER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Caliber sits down in the passenger seat and turns to a man so big it looks like he grew into the car. Meet HOUSE, his heavyweight driver.

CALIBER

Come on, House, let's jet.

Caliber grins wide as he regards the dollar-sign necklace.

EXT. CALIBER'S CRIB - DAY - LATER

It's a party 24/7 at the King residence. On the front lawn of an opulent mansion, gang-bangers and bikini-clad babes frolic. Many pop prescription pills like they're M&M's.

Caliber exits the Mercedes and struts up a long path leading to his front door, exchanging street handshakes with his boys along the way. One GANGBANGER smirks.

GANGBANGER

What up, Caliber? Maybe next time you let me and the boys help out?

CALIBER

Boy, Caliber's a one-man arsenal! I got my rep to think about!

A hot Latin girl in an obscenely short skirt grabs Caliber and plants a big sloppy kiss on his lips. Caliber reciprocates without breaking stride.

CALIBER (CONT'D)

Remind Caliber to show you his big gun later, baby.

At his front door, Caliber retrieves a stack of mail from a mailbox emblazoned with "CALIBER'S CRIB" on it. He flips through the mail: "Bootylicious", "Big Booty", "Booty Hunters" - all the top booty magazines are covered. An issue of "Floral Design Monthly" seems out of place.

Even more out of place is a sealed envelope with an embossed insignia that reads "G.G." Caliber opens it.

Inside there's a check for \$100,000 signed by Gabe Grant and a note written in impossibly neat handwriting:

"I HAVE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION THAT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN. MEET ME AT MY HOME FOR DINNER AT 6:00 P.M. COME ALONE.

B.Y.O.B. -- GABRIEL GRANT."

EXT. LA CASA RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

An expensive Italian restaurant in Uptown Chance City.

INT. LA CASA RESTAURANT - DAY

DOMINIC "THE DON" FRATELLI, Italian, early 30s, dumb as a stump, sits at a large round table chomping an oversized Cuban, while simultaneously destroying a bowl of pasta. Ashes sprinkle onto the food.

Seated around him are a half dozen OLD MOB BOSSES. They are not amused by The Don.

THE DON
(bellowing laughter)
So, ah ah, heh heh, Me and Michael
are beatin' this guy, ha, ha, half
to death and he says I'll have your
money tomorrow.

The Don's cracking himself up. The others stare, stone-faced.

THE DON (CONT'D)
So I put my gun right on his
forehead and I say "too late
asshole," and pow, I blast his
brains all over Michael's new Suit.
The one from the Justin Bieber
collection!

The mobsters scowl, except one who politely fake-laughs. The toughest looking OLD MOB BOSS at the table leans forward.

OLD MOB BOSS
That's your problem, Dominic, you
freakin' cafone. You think what we
do is some kinda game. It's hard
enough with the politicians
controlling da unions and Wall
Street hogging up the dough. See,
this ain't da movies, moron.

The Don stops laughing. His face turns beet-red.

OLD MOB BOSS (CONT'D)
We run a business. Somebody don't pay, ya threaten 'em, maybe break an arm. Ya don't just blow 'em away. Dead guys can't pay! And murder brings the cops, and the feds, and that friggin' speed-freak, and pretty soon everybody's busting balls.

The Don's eyes narrow. He looks ready to snap.

OLD MOB BOSS (CONT'D)
Your father, before he got pinched, he knew this shit. That's why we respected him. You want any respect around here Dominic, you'll remember that. Now, will somebody please pass da yummy garlic bread.

The Old Mob Boss resumes his meal, twirling linguine around his fork. The other bosses follow his lead. One WISEGUY elbows the Old Mob Boss.

WISEGUY
(indicating The Don)
Hey Boss, "The Don" lost his appetite. Looks like he's gonna bolt to the toilet. Get it?

They all laugh at The Don. He stands up suddenly, turns on a heel, and stalks off.

INT. LA CASA RESTAURANT - COAT CHECK - MOMENTS LATER

The Don gets his jacket from the COAT CHECK GIRL. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope like Caliber's.

COAT CHECK GIRL
An anonymous admirer left that for you, Mr. Fratelli.

The Don opens it. Same deal. It's a handwritten invitation from Gabe with a check for \$100,000. His eyes widen.

INT. GABE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The doorbell RINGS. Andrea, foxy in a slinky cocktail dress, rushes to open it.

The Don has arrived, accompanied by his bodyguard, a well-built young man named MICHAEL, who stands, big and alert.

ANDREA
Mr. Fratelli, welcome.

She ushers The Don in, but stops Michael with a hand on his chest.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
You'll have to wait outside.

THE DON
(to Michael)
Wait in the car. You can listen to
the radio - don't change my
presets!

INT. GABE'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Andrea ushers The Don into the dining room where Gabe, in a smoking jacket with slicked hair, looking like the textbook evil genius, waits.

As The Don walks over, Gabe grabs his hand.

GABE
Welcome to my home, Mr. Fratelli.

Eyeing the surroundings, The Don begins lighting a cigar.

THE DON
So what's this all about, Grant?
You wanna waste time outing more
dirty politicians, cause you know
they only go after guys like us,
right?

GABE
Ha, no need to preach to the
priest. By the way, there's no
smoking in my home Mr. Fratelli.

The Don ignores him, puffs up a cloud of smoke rings.

THE DON
I'm a busy man, Grant. I got people
to extort, so don't waste my time.

GABE
I'll explain everything as soon as
the other guests arrive. In the
meantime, please, mangia.

Though suspicious, The Don sits at a table filled with delicious delicacies and begins filling his plate with a lot of everything - manners are clearly not his strong suit.

The doorbell RINGS again. Coughing delicately at the cigar stench, Andrea splits.

Gabe sits at the head of the table, his eyes on The Don. The Don's got his eye on Gabe too.

Andrea returns with Caliber. Tense, Caliber spots The Don.

The Don jumps up and whips out his Beretta!

THE DON
(to Gabe)
So, an ambush, eh?

Caliber whips out his gun, which is twice as long as The Don's gun, and cocks it to the side, gangsta style.

CALIBER
Nobody said nothin about this
greaseball bein' here.

Mexican standoff as both men aim their guns at one another.

Suddenly, The Don squeezes off three rounds. BANG, BANG, BANG! Caliber ducks behind a chair and returns fire. BANG. Bullets whiz back and forth as...

The table of food explodes in an orgy of wild gunfire!

Gabe dives under the table and motions for Andrea, who rolls her eyes at him. She confidently advances toward Caliber, quickly snatching his firearm by the barrel and twisting it free from his hand.

Andrea then turns and gracefully slides on her knees toward The Don, grabbing the gun from his hand and disarming him in one fluid motion.

In a flash, she's managed to disarm both men! They stare at their empty hands in disbelief.

ANDREA
I was one of Chance PD's finest
before becoming a lawyer, so don't
pop off your phallic symbols in my
house, boys.

The men mutter and straighten their suits. Gabe crawls out from under the table.

GABE
I, uh, dropped my Bluetooth.

Andrea shakes her head, can't help but crack a smile.

Caliber regains his cool composure.

CALIBER

Sheehit. I'm cool. Got nothin' against Mr. "I'm a legitimate business man" over there. But let's be honest, the Italians technological contributions ended with the pizza oven.

THE DON

Everyone loves pizza. Even you people.

Caliber's look indicates that he'll reserve judgment.

CALIBER

So what's this shit about Money? I don't usually leave my crib for chump change, but if you need my skills, I'm interested.

THE DON

Hey, I got here first.

CALIBER

Beauty before age, Mafia. Gabe and I understand each other. The man used to be a dealer like me.

GABE

Well, a pharmaceutical executive isn't exactly like a drug dealer. Technically, our stuff was legal.

CALIBER

Legal, illegal, or prescription... it's the same shit. You just dressed marketing up as science to push your pills.

THE DON

Have a seat Calibrate. What Grant's looking for is old school, mafia muscle. Not bling and cheap South African pistols.

CALIBER

It's Caliber, bitch, and I'll shoot your ass just fine with my Vektor SP1, which is actually an improved version of your punk-ass Beretta--

GABE

Gentlemen, please. I think you'll
find our interests converge, so--

Caliber interrupts Gabe with a "talk to the hand." His head
snaps back and forth between Gabe and The Don until he has a
revelation.

CALIBER

Three of us got some super-assholes
in common. If you looking to form
some kinda villain clubhouse, then -
I am in!

Before Gabe can answer, Bolt comes storming into the room,
causing Caliber and The Don to spring from their seats.

They both pull out more guns. This time, The Don's gun is
bigger than Caliber's. The Don laughs.

WHOOSH! Again, both men have been disarmed, this time faster
than, yeah, a speeding bullet...

CALIBER (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

Andrea beckons for the guns and Bolt hands them over.

THE DON

This a friggin' setup, Grant? Is
this how you bought your freedom?

GABE

Everyone relax. This isn't a bust.
(to Bolt)
Did you get him?

BOLT

Yeah, in the nick of time too. He
was about to strike again.

GABE

Well, where is he, kid?

BOLT

In the kitchen. Said he's hungry
but he has this weird "thing" where
he can't eat in front of people.

GABE

You left him alone? Sure he's not
halfway to Berlin by now?

BOLT

I think he actually wants to help.
He said some creepy junk about the
need to "End the suffering of man."

ANDREA

That is creepy.

BOLT

Don't know why you want him though,
Gabe. He's a super maniac.

GABE

A super maniac with surprisingly
altruistic intentions and an
insatiable bloodlust! That could
prove useful.

CALIBER

Bitch, for the last damn' time,
what's this all about!?

Gabe takes a moment. He puts his arm around Caliber.

GABE

I'll cut to the chase, gentlemen.
You know how you've had the
insatiable urge to murder each
other tonight? Well, Kronos has a
drug that's going to make you think
about nothing but rainbows and
kittens.

CALIBER

I like kittens. A drug, huh? Yo,
sounds like something I should be
selling.

BOLT

The Guardians aren't some drug
cartel looking for dealers.

ANDREA

They want to take over the world by
getting everyone hooked on a drug
called Hyperion.

GABE

And everyone includes unreasonably
well-armed drug lords with catchy
nicknames.

CALIBER

A brother can't catch a break.

ANDREA

And to cover their bases, those creeps also created an app that will have everyone enslaved by their own cell phones.

The Don plays Candy Crush on his phone as Andrea speaks. He looks up, perplexed.

THE DON

Wah, the heroes are the bad guys now? I'm confused.

BOLT

Yes, Don. Yes, you are.

INT. AMERICA EXPOSED NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Carol flirts with the camera.

CAROL

Joining us to discuss what critics call America's H.M.Ds - Humans of Mass Destruction - is government liaison to The Guardians, General Henry Barnes.

General Barnes shows no patience for pleasantries as he sits ramrod straight and ill at ease.

CAROL (CONT'D)

General, what's the government's relationship with The Guardians? Are Flame and Bolt part of a secret program to create US super-soldiers, or the result of a failed experiment to discover a new treatment for erectile dysfunction?

GENERAL BARNES

Well, Carol, I won't dignify the wild accusations of conspiracy theorists who push fake news with a response. Those losers need to get off the Internet and move out of mommy's basement already!

CAROL

Fair enough. Lately, nations have floated talk of trade embargoes if the president doesn't disband the team or place strict restrictions on their... activities.

The General's eyes flash -- he doesn't like the interrogation.

GENERAL BARNES

Sweet squirrel nuts, Carol, as long as the people trust The Guardians, so does our government. But...

The General turns toward the camera, eyes full of intensity.

GENERAL BARNES (CONT'D)

...If it turns out that trust is mislaid, our armed forces stand ready to defend freedom - no matter the cost!

INT. GABE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The atmosphere's more relaxed. Gabe, sipping a brandy, sits by a fireplace with Andrea while Caliber and The Don are seated around him smoking cigars.

Bolt munches on a tray of appetizers, chewing loudly while smacking his lips.

CALIBER

Look, you expect us to trust you guys...

(to Bolt)

Especially Mr. Lipsmacker over here, you gotta come clean.

BOLT

Okay.

CALIBER

First of all, ain't none of us wearin' masks.

They all turn to Bolt. Bolt sighs. Reluctantly, he removes his mask, revealing a fresh-faced young man with spiky hair. One part hero, three parts dork.

BOLT

Name's Jon Jun. My former teammates are Debra Danes a.k.a. Flame, and Marcus Monroe, a.k.a. Knightstalker. Kronos is just, uh, Kronos. Can't pronounce his alien name. Way too many syllables.

CALIBER

Debra D... damn! I used to sell that girl dope.

ANDREA

That explains why she hates you.

CALIBER

I was just supplying a demand.
Damn, she be lookin' fine, now.

THE DON

How'd she go from being an addict
to being able to shoot flames out
of her fingertips?

BOLT

(for the millionth time)
She can't shoot flames, she's
called Flame because of the red
hair.

ANDREA

That's a dye job.
(off their looks)
A girl can tell.

CALIBER

Shit, ain't nothin' authentic about
her. And you, how did you become
Speed-Boy?

Bolt deliberates. He looks to Gabe, who prompts him to go on
with a nod and double thumbs-up.

BOLT

Well, a few years ago, I was just
your average terminally ill teen...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jon Jun, emaciated, the sole occupant of a double occupancy
room, lies in bed, his face full of despair. His body's
wasted. A do-rag covers his bald head.

On the bedside table next to Jon is a newspaper. He picks it
up. A picture of Kronos holding Gabe by the collar graces the
cover. Kronos looks healthy, powerful. The headline reads,
"KRONOS CAPTURES FIRST SUPER-VILLAIN."

BOLT (V.O)

Kronos... he was everything I
wasn't. He had all the strength and
health... all the stuff the cancer
took from me.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

General Barnes stands there, with an Asian doctor, DR. LEE.

BOLT (V.O)
With no insurance, I couldn't
afford a Tic Tac, let alone the
cancer drugs I needed. I was done.
Then one day I get a visitor. This
general. And a military doctor.

Dr. Lee checks Jon's chart. Shakes his head.

BOLT (V.O) (CONT'D)
I only had a couple of months left.
They offered me a way back.

Dr. Lee holds up a vial with some glowing liquid in it.

BOLT (V.O) (CONT'D)
They had an experimental serum.
Said they'd derived it from
Kronos's DNA. They believed it
could give someone superpowers.
But it had one nasty side effect...

General Barnes, gravely, mouths the word along with Bolt:

BOLT (V.O) (CONT'D)
Death.

Dr. Lee smiles apologetically and shrugs his shoulders, as if
to say, "whoops."

INT. WARD - DAY

Bolt's face drops as Dr. Lee shows him a CAT scan.

BOLT (V.O)
They talked me into trying the
latest batch. What'd I have to
lose? Dr. Lee's theory was that the
serum would spend its toxic energy
on my cancer cells, restoring me to
health. At the very least...
(beat)
Then... she came into my life.

PARAMEDICS rush in a beautiful, skinny, lifeless girl with an
oxygen mask on her face. It's Debra Danes -- a far cry from
Flame. DOCTORS work hard to revive her.

Bolt stares. Doctors shout! Defibrillators SHOCK --

Bolt winces. He stares. A tear rolls down his cheek.

Suddenly, it's all over. The mask is pulled. Her lovely profile is revealed -- a bruised, battered angel...

Bolt's heartbroken. He grasps her limp hand.

A disinterested young NURSE operates medical equipment in a perfunctory manner before whipping out her Iphone and texting: *OMG I think another junky just bit it. LOL! Starbucks later?*

General Barnes and Dr. Lee exchange glances. They turn their attention to the instrument tray where a hypodermic needle awaits...

END FLASHBACK:

INT. GABE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM

Bolt stares into space, full of the memory.

BOLT

Her body, ravaged by just about everything, was receptive to the serum. They brought her back to life. And gave me my life back too. With benefits.

CALIBER

You so tight with him, why not just call in General Barnes and the troops?

Caliber rolls up his sleeve, revealing a U.S.M.C. (United States Marine Corps) tattoo on his forearm. Bolt's surprised.

BOLT

The general's super extreme. Knowing what's at stake he'd probably nuke the city to stop Kronos.

GABE

And a nuke might not even stop that thing. No, we gotta keep this hush, hush for now.

(to Caliber)

Although, it looks like we've got one marine on our side.

THE DON
(leers at Bolt)
And what about Flame, eh? You ever
give her your "Bolt serum"?

CALIBER
Yeah, you tap that?

Bolt's lost on how to answer? Andrea comes to his rescue.

ANDREA
They're pigs, Jon. A true gentleman
doesn't kiss and tell.

She stands with her arms crossed. Caliber and The Don
subside, chastened.

SURGEON (O.S.)
(thick German accent)
I could have cured you, but without
ze fancy super-powers, Mr. Bolt.

Everyone turns toward the door. Surgeon stands there, creepy,
pale as death. But, for the moment, seemingly harmless. He
wipes his mouth with a soiled handkerchief.

SURGEON (CONT'D)
(to Andrea)
Ze lemon pie vas exquisite.
(to the group)
I hope this vill not take long.
I was scheduled to perform surgery -
and not ze fun kind like making ze
boobs big - before I was so rudely
interrupted by Mr. Bolt.

Caliber seethes. The Don seethes. They look at each other.
For once, they agree on something...

INT. PENTAGON - GENERAL BARNES OFFICE - NIGHT

General Barnes sits at an official desk with a small coral
filled fish tank. The US presidential Seal is visible on the
carpeted floor and an American flag hangs in one corner.

With a look of calm determination, the General removes a
folder from the top drawer. The folder reads, "SENSITIVE
MATERIAL." "OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT DOCUMENT." "EYES ONLY."

The General opens the folder and reads its contents. He picks
up the phone on his desk and dials out.

GENERAL BARNES
(into phone)
Mr. President, it's Henry... uh-
huh. I just need final FDA approval
on that project.

The General taps the fish tank and silently mouths "daddy
loves you" to the excited Japanese fighting fish inside.

GENERAL BARNES (CONT'D)
Uh-huh, yes, sir.
(beat; nods)
Excellent. Thank you, sir.

EXT. CHANCE CITY SKYLINE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A breathtaking, high-rise, view of the city that most of its
low-income residents only get to see in photographs.

INT. GUARDIAN TOWER - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Flame stands statuesque looking out a window with a panoramic
view of the city.

A long table with red "G" dominates the room. Bulletin
boards, wanted posters, and a map of the city plaster the
walls.

Flame lights a cigarette as Kronos enters, holding a hot dog.

KRONOS
Food. One of the few things your
species does well. What did you say
these were made from again?

FLAME
Nitrates?

Kronos stares at Flame with a curious glare. He scoffs down
the hot dog. A mustard stain remains on his cheek.

KRONOS
Delicious.

Kronos sees Flame inhaling a cigarette and grimaces.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
I thought you were through abusing
your body. You are not nervous
about our plan Debra?

FLAME

(too fast)

What, no, but with all that's going on, why even offer that smug a-hole Grant a role in this?

KRONOS

Perhaps I want him to see the error of his ways. To join us and use his gift to help cure the world.

FLAME

(bemused)

Cure? Jon's right, you do like to lay the melodrama on thick.

KRONOS

Humans are sick, Debra. Our medicine will correct that. Your leaders will profit while we maintain true control, for man truly is his own worst enemy.

FLAME

Woman aren't so bad though, huh?

(awkward beat)

So, we'll, uh, give Jon another chance, right?

KRONOS

Jon is young and... idealistic. He does not believe as you do, Debra.

FLAME

I trust Jon, Kronos. Besides, even though he'd never admit it, he idolizes you.

Flame stabs the cigarette out in an ashtray then walks over to Kronos and wipes the mustard stain from his cheek.

FLAME (CONT'D)

And he... we, both owe you so much.

KRONOS

Regardless, Jon cannot be allowed to interfere as we finally ignore the symptom of crime to treat the disease of violence.

Kronos produces a pill, stamped with the letters "AD" (for anti-drug), just as the volatile Knightstalker charges in, ready to burst at the seams.

KNIGHTSTALKER

I don't like this shit! There's no trace of Jon. He gets in the way Kronos, you know what you gotta do.

KRONOS

Yes Marcus, your wise earth saying about not making omelets without sacrificing some of the eggs...

FLAME

You're not gonna kill Jon!

KRONOS

I will not allow another world to self-destruct, Debra...

Kronos stares pensively out of a window that overlooks The city...

KRONOS'S VISION: THE SKY MORPHS INTO BLACK. BLACK SURROUNDED BY CLUSTERS OF STARS. SPACE.

A red Mars-like planet forms in the center. Suddenly...

KABOOM. The Planet EXPLODES into a shower of light and stars, rushing towards us. And just like that, it's gone.

BACK TO SCENE

The stars seem to reflect in Kronos's eyes for a moment.

KRONOS

Sacrifices must be made to protect humans from themselves.

KNIGHTSTALKER

Yeah, see, that's what I'm talking about right there, my big-ass gray-skinned brotha'!

A look of concern washes over Flame's face.

INT. GABE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Surgeon is up against the wall - on one side, Caliber holds a gleaming golden gun against his temple. The Don presses a wicked black rod against the Surgeon's other temple. Both guns are very small and about the same length.

ANDREA

(sighs)

You guys keep coming up with guns! Figures. They're small enough.

Caliber and The Don leer at her. Andrea rolls her eyes.

CALIBER

I oughta do us all a favor and put
you down right now, psycho. Shit
you do is sick.

Surgeon is completely unruffled -- no fear whatsoever.

THE DON

You got no respect for nothing. But
I bet a bullet would teach you some
respect--

Suddenly, Surgeon lashes out. Surprisingly quick and agile
for a man his age, he elbows The Don in the face, laying him
out, while simultaneously disarming Caliber.

IT'S A KNOCK-DOWN, DRAG-OUT BRAWL BETWEEN SURGEON AND
CALIBER!

Striking with surgical precision, the frail old man seems to
be getting the better of the exchange before Bolt zips in and
breaks up the donnybrook.

Caliber and The Don snatch up their guns, ready to blast the
crazy Surgeon.

Gabe puts a soothing hand on each criminals arm.

GABE

Gentlemen please. Bigger fish.

Reluctantly, they sheath their weapons. The Surgeon smiles at
Gabe. Gabe gulps.

SURGEON

Long time no see, mein friend.

CALIBER

You know this psycho, Gabe?

GABE

He used to work for my company.
When he cured cancer they fired
him. No profits in the cures. I
tried to expose that too.

BOLT

(to the Surgeon)

Wait, so you get fired for curing
cancer and... become a serial
killer?

SURGEON

Of course, what is so hard to understand?

GABE

All of his victims were terminally ill cancer patients.

ANDREA

Aww, that's not so bad.

SURGEON

Most did not want to die and I tortured them.

BOLT

Okay then.

SURGEON

So, ven do I get to play with that hooded demon, Knightstalker? He may not be terminally ill, but he is ze terminal asshole.

GABE

Soon enough. For our plan to succeed, it'll take a team effort. Now, despite our incongruities, each of you brings something unique to the table...

Gabe struts around, taking charge of the room and coming off like the natural leader he doesn't want to be.

GABE (CONT'D)

Bolt has the speed, Mr. King, the weapon expertise, Mr. Fratelli the mob connections and Dr. Strusburg the cold-blooded ruthlessness--

SURGEON

Thank you.

GABE

You're welcome? Gentlemen, you're here because you all possess a special talent required to pull this off.

ANDREA

With this group of lunatics, a miracle's required to pull this off, Gabe.

GABE
(to Andrea)
A little faith please, honey.

Gabe begins awkwardly massaging Andrea's shoulders.

GABE (CONT'D)
Now, we all have our own
motivations...
(to Caliber)
Financial gain.
(to The Don)
Respect.
(to Bolt)
A noble desire to help the world...
(to Surgeon)
...or a strange urge to hurt it...

BOLT
Maybe having his cancer cure buried
turned his brain into duck soup.
Or his mom never breast fed him.

The Surgeon seems mildly annoyed as he raises an eyebrow.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Hey, just playing Dr. Phil here.

Gabe gestures grandly, winding himself up.

GABE
The point is, whatever our reasons
are for doing what we do, we need
to put aside our differences and
work together.

THE DON
And why I should give a shit again?

Gabe moves in close to The Don, nose to nose.

GABE
Because that drug doesn't care if
you're The Don or Don Juan!

Gabe lets it sink in for a moment.

GABE (CONT'D)
In two days, during the president's
State of the Union Address--

BOLT
Or maybe sooner now that they know
I'm a loose cannon.

GABE

--We'll all be hooked.

(a beat)

We must fight for our freedom and individuality! The things that separate us from that big gray asshole and make us human.

Gabe Shakes a fist, orating like a Roman senator.

GABE (CONT'D)

They can't make us take their new drug to "fix" ourselves and then rip us off when we can't live without it, can they?

THE DON

Uh, no?

GABE

No! We decide who we are - be it a criminal or a hero. Tonight, we fight for the glory of all mankind!

Gabe falls silent, a bit disappointed there's no applause. Andrea sees he needs some validation so she kisses him on the cheek.

ANDREA

That was beautiful, sweetheart.

GABE

Thank you.

CALIBER

All right, homes, I'm in. What they're planning's bad for sales. Besides, I like blowing shit up.

THE DON

Yeah, let's stop these friggin' jerks. I can't run a business when everyone's addicted to the free stuff.

SURGEON

Ja, I want to kill - for science!

BOLT

Nice speech, Gabe. Now all we need is a plan.

GABE
Oh, but I've been working on one
this whole time.
(taps head)
Right up here.

EXT. FORESTED ROADWAY - NIGHT

Knightstalker roars down a deserted winding roadway atop his Harley. Giant trees surround the pavement on both sides.

GABE (V.O)
Because time is short, we gotta do
this now. So take some energy
drinks from the kitchen, this'll be
a late night.

Knightstalker blazes down the road with the usual look of grim determination on his face. He takes a moment to check the time on his adorable kitten-face watch.

GABE (V.O) (CONT'D)
We'll split up. Caliber, the Don
and the Surgeon will pay a visit to
Knightstalker.

BOLT (V.O)
Marcus keeps all important
information on his laptop. I'll bet
my speedy ass we can use that to
find out where they're stashing the
Hyperion.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Four expensive SUVs with tinted windows sit parked in a forest thicket.

NIGHTVISION POV: A MASSIVE TWO-STORY COLONIAL MANSION SITS IN A CLEARING.

BOLT (V.O)
Just get the laptop, Don. No
whacking.

THE DON (V.O)
Kid, we don't even say that
anymore. That's like a...

CALIBER (V.O)
Cliché. Like your cheap suit,
gangsta.

THE DON (V.O)
Funny. Keep it up, Calibrate.

BACK TO SCENE

Caliber lowers the night-vision binoculars. The time for fooling around has passed. He's focused.

EXT. GUARDIANS TOWER - NIGHT

Bolt and Gabe, dressed in gray maintenance uniforms with caps, saunter toward the street entrance of the tower.

GABE (V.O)
Me and Speedy Gonzales here will go
after the counteragent.

BOLT (V.O)
I'm Chinese. Speedy Gonzales was
Mexican.

GABE (V.O)
All right gentleman, let's go save
the world.

Just before the entrance, Bolt turns to Gabe.

BOLT
You're one of the smartest guys in
the world and this is the best plan
you can come up with?

GABE
You have a better idea, kid? Cause
if you like, we can come back
later...

BOLT
I'm not the super genius. You are.
I'm not even good with math.

GABE
So much for the stereotype.

EXT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - NIGHT

All is quiet at the stately home. Night birds SING in a tall tree that stands on the front lawn. The ROAR of a motorbike grows louder.

Knightstalker speeds directly toward the side of his home. It looks like he's about to crash... until...

He quickly flips a switch on the bike -- a wall lowers, revealing a ramp. Clearly, renovations have been made to the old house.

He drives down the ramp way as the wall closes behind him.

INT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - STUDY - LATER

Huge wood bookshelves line the walls of the large room. A colonial-style desk sits in the center, next to an 18th century oil lamp. An oversized window behind the desk overlooks the front grounds.

On the desk there's a bottle of Jack, a container of ice, and three books: "Sun Tzu's The Art of War," "Musashi's Book of Five Rings" and a book in the "For Dummies" series titled "Running Your Super-Team Like A Corporation For Dummies."

Knightstalker makes his way to his desk. He removes his mask and hood, revealing a smooth-shaven head, then throws his keys onto the desk and takes a seat.

After pouring himself a drink, he removes his "G" laptop from a satchel underneath his trench coat and gets to work.

Knightstalker sips his drink and begins recording the details of his heroic exploits on his laptop. The laptop screen reads: "Why Knightstalker is the bestest Guardian" and includes a link to his Facebook page.

EXT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - NIGHT

Caliber, Surgeon, and The Don, along with OVER A DOZEN OF THE DON'S MEN, move stealthily across the lawn towards the door.

Caliber, holding a large leather bag, diverges away from the pack.

One of The Don's henchmen cocks his leg back, prepared to kick the front door in. The Surgeon stops him.

SURGEON

You Americans are zuch barbarians.
Please, allow me.

The Surgeon manipulates a lock pick device with extraordinary finesse.

CLICK. The door opens.

INT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

Knightstalker types away, engrossed in his work.

INT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Quiet in the moonlight, a colonial style living room -- the only anachronism is the gleaming modern stereo system. A packed CD rack stands next to it.

The Surgeon's veiny, liver-spotted hand caresses the CDs. He selects one and places it into the CD player.

INT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - STUDY

Knightstalker continues adding entries to his electronic diary. He's focused on the screen.

From the other room comes MUSIC -- It's REO Speedwagon's "Can't Fight This Feeling."

Knightstalker jumps up. Moves warily to the living room...

INT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

...and there's the Surgeon, sitting in a chair.

SURGEON

Clearly, you and I are not so different.

He holds up a CD -- REO Speedwagon's greatest hits.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

I see you are also a fan, ja.

Knightstalker moves toward Surgeon. Suddenly, he's surrounded by The Don and his cadre of mobsters.

The Surgeon smiles -- an eerie, disturbing smile.

EXT. GUARDIAN TOWER - NIGHT

Gabe pulls out a small metal device from his pocket and presses the large circular button in the center.

Seen through the revolving glass doors -- the lights in the lobby flicker.

INT. GUARDIAN TOWER - LOBBY - NIGHT

A cranky, middle-aged security guard sits at a desk surrounded by security monitors. His name tag reads "PHIL."

The lights flicker. Phil watches the monitors display static and then go completely black.

Gabe and Bolt casually stroll up to Phil.

GABE

Hi. We're here for the power outage.

PHIL

Man, you guys sure got here fast...

GABE

Oh, we got a line runnin' to Central Headquarters. Your building has been havin' problems for the last hour.

PHIL

I'm gonna have to call to verify...

Phil picks up a telephone.

BOLT

Uh, Central Headquarters closed ten minutes ago. We're the emergency crew. Last call of the night.

Phil hangs up, eyeing Bolt and Gabe suspiciously.

PHIL

(to Bolt)

Somethin's familiar about you.

BOLT

Oh, I've done maintenance on this building before. Look, if you want we can call the big Gray guy up directly and see if he wants power restored to his lobby.

Phil looks perplexed.

GABE

(to Bolt)

Radiation probably fried the circuit board in the basement.

PHIL

Radiation?

Bolt jumps in without missing a beat.

BOLT

Yeah, show on the science channel said cause' he came from outer space, Kronos is full of radiation! All those superpowers - radiation.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Anything within a mile gets
constant exposure. Now sure, a
little bit here and there is
okay...

GABE
How many hours do you work a week,
Phil?

BOLT
...but prolonged exposure...

GABE
Cancer, brain tumors,
cardiovascular disease...

BOLT
... sexual dysfunction.

Phil looks around as if to make sure no one else is watching.
He leans in.

PHIL
You know... I have been having some
problems pleasing the wife. Was
gonna try one of those pills.

BOLT
I'd wait till they work the kinks
out. You want to chance walking
around over four hours with
something you only need for a
minute or two?

Gabe sports an exaggerated look of concern.

GABE
Get checked out. It may not be too
late.

Bolt throws up a fist that tells Phil to "hang tough." Phil
nods his head in agreement.

INT. GUARDIAN TOWER/ELEVATOR - A MOMENT LATER

Generic elevator music plays in the background. An
uncomfortable silence is broken as Gabe notices Bolt admiring
his device and holds it up high.

GABE
Handheld EMP emitter. Fried the
lobby electronics, but the backup
generators should come online soon.

BOLT

Then I guess we gotta work fast.
Good thing fast is my thing.

Gabe nods an "uh, huh." More silence. Bolt begins nervously adjusting his maintenance uniform, picks a wedgie.

GABE

Stay sharp, kid. Kronos must have pulled your security clearance by now. I can get around that, but any mistakes and it's a one way ticket to alien, anal probe city for us.

BOLT

Don't know about anal probes, but if K wakes up, the cleaning guy is gonna have his work cut out for him tomorrow.

GABE

You said he sleeps an hour a night to recharge. That means he should sleep as soundly as a giant, gray baby.

BOLT

I'm beginning to wonder if you're smart or just insane.

GABE

Insanely smart.

DING. The elevator door opens.

INT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - STUDY - SAME TIME

The Surgeon stands by The Don and his gang of mobsters while two of The Don's men - Michael the bodyguard and another MOBSTER - point shiny 9mm handguns at Knightstalker's head.

KNIGHTSTALKER

Teaming up with the this idiot now, Surgeon? That ain't your style. And how'd you find my pad?

THE DON

Never mind that. Hand over the laptop.

It dawns on Knightstalker. He shakes his head.

KNIGHTSTALKER

Jon. Knew that punk would cause trouble.

THE DON

Yeah, he told us how you and your asshole friends are plannin' on turning us all into pill-poppers.

KNIGHTSTALKER

I'm guessing you're smarter than you look Don. Tell you what, you work with us, I'll cut you in on the counteragent.

The Don looks intrigued by the offer.

Michael stands by The Don, growing impatient. Suddenly, he rushes towards Knightstalker and presses his gun against the vigilante's temple.

MICHAEL

You want me to do this mook, boss?

THE DON

Michael, sit, eh, stay!

Too late. Knightstalker disarms Michael in one lightning-fast motion, SNAPPING his burly arm like a twig. Michael SCREAMS in pain like an overgrown child and drops to the floor, cradling his limp arm.

Another mobster fires his gun, missing Knightstalker completely but destroying the screen of his "G" laptop.

Deftly, Knightstalker removes a silver sphere from the back of his utility belt and hurls it at the armed Mobster. It EXPLODES on his hand, disarming the Mobster.

While The Don and Surgeon keep a safe distance, the other mobsters rush in and engage Knightstalker, hand-to-hand.

Knightstalker delivers a roundhouse kick that sends one Mobster into a bookshelf, causing the books to rain down all around.

Knightstalker, enraged, snarling, attacks. One by one, he takes The Don's men out -- with punches, kicks, and flips.

As the last mobster hits the ground, a muffled SHOT rings out...

Glass breaks with a CRASH -- a millisecond later, a high-powered sniper bullet hits Knightstalker's kneecap with a sickening CRUNCH!

KNIGHTSTALKER'S POV: through his now-glassless window, he sees a man perched in a tree looking up from a sniper rifle... Caliber. He winks at Knightstalker.

INT. GUARDIAN TOWER - 75TH FLOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Gabe and Bolt exit the elevator into a long hallway.

Two thick metal doors face each other on opposite sides of the hallway. Each door has a "G" logo engraved on it and is secured with an advanced locking mechanism.

GABE
Which one?

BOLT
Left's the lab.
(points to the right)
K and Deb are in there. K sleeps soundly, but...
(taps his ear; whispers)
Super hearing. He can hear a pin drop.

GABE
Then let's not drop any pins.
(beat)
You know, I could probably end this right now.

BOLT
What do you mean?

GABE
Kronos needed a ship to get here, right? So, he must need some oxygen to function. I could flood the room with carbon monoxide... put him down like a lab rat.

BOLT
Debra is in there with him. It'd kill her too!

Gabe looks steadily at Bolt.

BOLT (CONT'D)
No killing. No way.

Gabe shrugs. He pulls out his EMP device and flips it over to reveal a numerical keypad. He plugs a wire from the keypad into the bottom of the lock.

Millions of different numerical sequences rapidly flash on the display of the lock itself and on Gabe's device.

GABE

Fine, the hard way it is. That bother you? Flame and super freak?

BOLT

(voice cracks; lying)

What, no. Nah. Not at all. I'm way over that.

GABE

Riiight.

BOLT

And Deb's not evil, you know. She's just... misguided.

GABE

Mm-hm. You sure are naive for a superhero. You even do the deed yet, kid?

BOLT

(lamely)

Of course, I've... had relations with a number of nubile females.

GABE

Mm-hm.

BOLT

I have. Why, just the other day I was with a girl. We had... she was bouncing on the... she got really into it...

(very lamely)

She was really impressed.

Gabe stares at him in disbelief.

GABE

Whatever. Listen, kid, forget about Flame. And don't put so much faith in people. They usually let you down.

BOLT
Funny, my mother would always say
the guy I let down most is
probably...

GABE
...Let me guess, the one person you
can't outrun. No matter how fast
you are. That it?

BOLT
You're good.

GABE
That I am.

Gabe checks his watch, then shakes his device like someone
who pointlessly presses an elevator button again and again to
make it go faster.

BOLT
I don't know... I guess sometimes I
wonder if the reason I do this is
out of some guilty penance for not
dying or something.

Gabe turns toward Bolt. He looks sincere as he listens.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Sometimes, no matter what I do, I
don't feel like a... hero.

GABE
Look, Jon, my father was smart
enough to know he wasn't a smart
man, but he always said a hero is
someone who does the right thing.
No matter the reason.

BOLT
And doing the right thing worked
out okay for him, right?

GABE
No, the poor guy worked himself to
death and died broke.

BOLT
Crap, that sucks. But it doesn't
mean you shouldn't still try and be
the good guy, Gabe.

GABE

I tried being the good guy, Jon. I unmasked evil HappyPharma and got three years for my trouble. Now, they call me the villain.

BOLT

Well, would a real villain be risking everything to break into Guardian Tower--

GABE

Perhaps, my sexless friend.

BOLT

--to save the world?

GABE

Maybe I'm just saving the world to destroy it later.

Gabe tries to look serious but can't help cracking a wry grin.

BOLT

You only wanted people to see the truth, Gabe. That doesn't make you the villain.

GABE

Kid, you really are naive for a superhero.

CLICK. The numbers on the lock and Gabe's device align causing the door to pop open. The men walk inside, into:

INT. GUARDIANS TOWER - LAB - CONTINUOUS

A mad scientist's dream come true, filled with beakers, bubbling liquids, and various instruments of analysis.

GABE

Very nice. That is one sweet rheometer, the MFR-2100...
(proudly)
I've got three of those.

BOLT

Whatever. I have no idea what any of this stuff is. I'm just the guy who runs fast.

Gabe frowns at Bolt, his tech buzz killed.

GABE
Watch the door, speed-boy. I'll
look for the counteragent.

Gabe searches the room, moving towards the back.

Bolt focuses on the door as he nervously taps his finger on the countertop.

Anxious, he inadvertently taps his finger at SUPER SPEED. The resultant vibration causes several glass flasks and beakers to tumble from their perches.

Gabe hears the CLINK, turns around -- in SLO-MO, he watches the falling glass...

Bolt, with his super speed, manages to snag them before they hit the ground.

All except one... CRASH!

BOLT
Whoops.

GABE
Good one.
(annoyed)
We better hurry, butterfingers.

In the back of the room, in a small container, Gabe finds his prize. He opens the container, marked "ANTI-DRUG". Two green tablets lie within.

Bolt quietly sweeps up the broken glass.

Gabe surreptitiously slips one tablet in his pocket.

He holds up the other pill.

GABE (CONT'D)
Got the counteragent, J.J! Let's
go!

Gabe and Bolt head for the exit -- KRONOS stands there. In a monogrammed silk Guardian robe.

Bolt flashes a nervous smile.

BOLT
Hey K, funny story. I just had to
get some stuff I left behind--

WHAP. Kronos backhands Bolt, sending him flying across the room, glass crashing everywhere.

GABE

Nice robe. Hugh Hefner's estate
have an auction?

Kronos grabs Gabe's hand -- squeezes the green pill out.

Bolt struggles to his feet.

KRONOS

Jon, did you really expect to leave
here undetected?

Kronos lifts Gabe up by the neck.

GABE

(choking)

Jon, boogie out of here!

Bolt dashes for the exit. He's fast -- but Kronos is faster.
He snaps his arm out and catches Bolt by the neck. Kronos
holds both men at arm's length, strangling them.

KRONOS

This was the wrong decision
Gabriel. But you cannot interfere.
I will make your deaths quick.

GABE

Wait, at least tell us the truth
about what happened to your world.

Kronos loosens his vice-like grip.

GABE (CONT'D)

Climate change couldn't have made
your planet go kaboom, because I'm
pretty sure it doesn't work like
that.

Kronos's face fills with regret as he sets the men down,
hands still firmly around their throats. Our heroes attempt
to catch their breath.

BOLT

It wasn't Global warming, K?

KRONOS

No. Eons ago, conflict threatened
to destroy my race. But my
ancestors, being wise rulers,
developed a special drug. Our
people were hooked, subdued.
Eventually, even our economy relied
on their addiction.

BOLT

And I'll bet the guys in charge had the counteragent.

KRONOS

Of course, Jon. Immunizing ourselves from Hyperion's effects was the sensible thing to do.

GABE

Right, because you can't rule if you're jonesing like Charlie Sheen after a stint in rehab too, can you?

KRONOS

Very true. Though eventually, my people were able to overcome their dependency and rebel. War followed. Ordinary weapons were unable to harm us so larger, more powerful, bombs were constructed. The explosions ripped my planet apart.

BOLT

And now you want to give everyone on earth a prescription for that! What could possibly go wrong?

GABE

You know Einstein's definition of insanity, Kronos? Doing the same thing over and over again and--

Kronos cuts Gabe off with his death grip, glaring at him, while lifting both men up by the neck, which causes his robe to... open a bit.

Gabe and Bolt look down. Despite imminent death, both men can't help but seem impressed. Kronos's eyes flash.

KRONOS

Humph! It will be different here. Humans are weak, easily controlled. They will fall in line perfectly.

Kronos gives Gabe a sad appraisal.

KRONOS (CONT'D)

Despite your thievery, I still feel you would have contributed much to the new world order. Such a waste.

As their eyes bug out and death seems a foregone conclusion - WHAM. Kronos is tackled from behind by Flame!

The men tumble to the floor. Flame, burning-hot in a silk nightgown, sits atop Kronos, who shakes his head in a daze.

FLAME

Hurry, I can't hold him!

Bolt gets lost in her eyes for a moment.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Go!

Bolt grabs Gabe and blazes out of the lab.

Kronos flings Flame off. She SLAMS hard against the wall, but quickly stands, unharmed.

KRONOS

Why, Debra?

FLAME

Because Jon's not an egg!

Kronos is furious.

INT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

Knightstalker lies bleeding on the floor against his wrecked desk, unable to walk due to his shattered kneecap.

THE DON

Not much fight in ya now, eh
asshole?

The Don grabs Knightstalker's busted laptop.

KNIGHTSTALKER

Meant that shit about makin' a
deal. Too late now. Ain't half the
man your daddy was anyway. Except
maybe IQ wise.

The Don trains his gun on Knightstalker -- but Surgeon intervenes.

SURGEON

No! He is mine, ja!

The Don shrugs, puts his gun away.

THE DON

Fine.

(to Knightstalker)

After what he's gonna do to you,
you'll wish I'd shot you.

(to his men)

Come on boys.

The Don and a trio of Mobsters that are still able to walk exit the home.

SURGEON

Alone at last.

The Surgeon turns to the CD player to cue up his song, but it's been destroyed by gunfire.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

Ohh, pity. Ve do dis without sound.

The Surgeon approaches Knightstalker. He smiles wickedly as he removes a scalpel from his pocket.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

Before you die I must know, why do
you hate me for ending ze suffering
of ze sick? Work your corporate
fuhrers will not allow.

KNIGHTSTALKER

Surgeons like you, they didn't end
my little sister's suffering! To
them, she was just another black
kid with a bullet hole.

Knightstalker attempts to make it to his feet. For a moment, it looks as though he might mount a one-legged offence.

The Surgeon moves, kicks Knightstalker back down.

SURGEON

Sit mein friend. Little sister ja?
Dis touches me.

(choked up)

I had ze little brother once -
Fritz. We would ride ze bike
together. Alas, I went to ze
medical school and Fritz went to ze
culinary school. One day while
making ze pies he tripped and fell
into ze batter, becoming dat which
he loved most - Ze apple pie!

Knightstalker listens to Surgeon's crazy story unfold in stunned silence.

SURGEON (CONT'D)
(remembers)
Ahh, where was I...

The Surgeon leans in, attempting to cut into Knightstalker. Suddenly, Knightstalker delivers a hard HEAD-BUTT!

The Surgeon staggers back. He shakes it off, smiles, and moves in again.

SURGEON (CONT'D)
You are only prolonging the pain...

KNIGHTSTALKER
No, I'm stalling.

Knightstalker reaches into the broken desk and pulls out a blinking red button in a brushed steel housing.

KNIGHTSTALKER (CONT'D)
Got a backup plan for crazy German doctors.

Surgeon falls back, wary. Knightstalker smiles.

KNIGHTSTALKER (CONT'D)
The rest of your appointments...
are canceled.

Knightstalker depresses the button.

EXT. KNIGHTSTALKER'S HOME - NIGHT - A MOMENT LATER

The house EXPLODES! The Mobsters outside are blown to the ground. Smoking debris rains down.

Caliber and The Don peer out from their shielding arms.

THE DON
Damn. Poor Surgeon. He so loved his work.

CALIBER
Good riddance. To both of those wackos. You got the laptop?

The Don hesitates, then pulls the broken laptop out.

INT. GABE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bolt and Gabe burst into the room, bruised and weary. Andrea waits by a luxurious couch in the center.

Bolt staggers to the couch and collapses, exhausted.

ANDREA

What happened?

(to Gabe)

Oh, baby, your head! Let me get some ice.

She bustles over to the bar and digs into the ice buckets.

GABE

We got caught. We didn't get the counteragent.

ANDREA

Caught? By who, Kronos? Are you alright? What are we going to do now?

No response.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Guys?

She peers over the bar. Bolt lies asleep. Gabe has gone.

INT. GABE'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Andrea stares in disbelief as Gabe packs like a madman.

GABE

Listen, the kid thinks we failed...

Gabe holds up the GREEN COUNTERAGENT. He smiles.

GABE (CONT'D)

But that's not entirely accurate.

ANDREA

You lied.

GABE

Babe, I'm technically a criminal. We do that.

Gabe continues packing.

ANDREA

So this whole time... you just wanted to get your hands on the counteragent?

Andrea can't suppress a scowl of disgust as the full extent of Gabe's betrayal sinks in.

GABE

That's right. Let those idiots pay the price for their hero worship. Meanwhile, we're off to my island getaway. Just you. Me. Sand.
(does a little dance)
Margaritas...

ANDREA

Hope you enjoy yourself.

Gabe stops packing and goes over to her.

GABE

Honey, come on. Our chance of stopping those lunatics was, like, a trillion to one. We've got to worry about ourselves here.

ANDREA

You really haven't changed. It's all about number one, huh. You might as well have joined Kronos.

GABE

Side with the alien who plans on subjugating the human race through pharmaceuticals. No thanks.

Andrea grabs Gabe by the collar, pulls him close.

ANDREA

I need you, Gabe. The world needs you. And those guys, they're counting on you.

Gabe pulls away.

GABE

Oh, you mean the drug lord, the mobster, or the maniac who collects tumors? I only needed those guys so Bolt would think I was actually trying to stop his insane teammates. How else was I supposed to snag the counter-agent?

ANDREA

So you used everyone. Great. You know Jon's doing this for the right reasons. He actually cares.

GABE

Sweetheart, you saw what caring got me. But, hey, if you like Jon so much, maybe you should go out with him.

ANDREA

Maybe I will!

GABE

Fine! I betcha he's real quick in the sack too. You can teach the kid a few things--

Andrea slaps Gabe in the face. He takes it. Makes a pouty-face.

ANDREA

Damn it, Gabe, I really hoped you were going to be the hero and do something meaningful for the world.

Andrea storms out.

Gabe looks defeated as he plops onto his bed.

INT. GABE'S MANSION/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

While Gabe drowns his sorrows in a bottle of scotch, a groggy Bolt rises from the couch.

BOLT

I miss happy hour?

GABE

Nothing happy about it.

BOLT

Uh-huh. So, where's your better half?

GABE

She had to get up early for court and figured a hotel would be better than a house full of criminals, so...

Gabe tosses the empty bottle across the floor.

BOLT
(realizing)
...She'll be back.

GABE
I messed things up. Kronos was right. I was never a hero. I'm just a... a horrible person.

BOLT
You know how woman are - I mean I don't know all that much, but you do. I'm sure it'll blow over--

GABE
It's me, Jon. I'm the reason Kronos lost faith in humanity. Bet he never mentioned that.

BOLT
He didn't tell me about wanting to rule the planet either, so...

GABE
When Kronos first came here he wanted to help us. Had these food replicators on his ship. They would have fed the world.

Bolt listens intently as Gabe makes his way to the bar to fix a couple of drinks.

GABE (CONT'D)
I offered to have HappyPharma distribute them, but instead I tricked Kronos and secured the patents. Legally, there was nothing he could do.

Gabe returns from the bar and hands Bolt an elaborate looking, virgin, tropical drink with too many umbrellas.

BOLT
Why piss off an invincible alien?

GABE
The plan was to make a fortune selling them to fast food chains.

BOLT
Wow, that's really crummy.

GABE

Yeah. When Kronos found out he destroyed the tech. Because of me, he saw how greedy and petty man could be.

BOLT

I'm sure you weren't the only reason.

GABE

A few days later I read an article about thousands of starving refugees. That tech could have saved them. That's when I decided I was through being part of a system more concerned with profits than people.

BOLT

What about all the money you embezzled?

GABE

Well I decided long before that I'd never be poor again too, so...

Bolt puts his drink down, flashes Gabe a sympathetic smile.

BOLT

I think Andrea saw the hero inside you, Gabe. And I bet he's still in there, buried deep under all that hair product.

This hits Gabe hard.

BOLT (CONT'D)

So, what do we do now?

GABE

Now, kid? Maybe we see if he really is still in there. Maybe...

(full of resolve)

I try being the hero again.

Caliber and The Don rush in, covered in dust.

BOLT

Where's the Surgeon?

CALIBER

Shit blew up.

BOLT

I know, we screwed up too.

CALIBER

No, no, it's not a black thing. I mean shit literally blew up. Turn on the news.

Gabe grabs the remote control -- presses a button. A TV screen lowers from the ceiling.

ON THE TV: a REPORTER stands in front of the burnt remains of Knightstalker's home.

REPORTER

...so far, no answers as to what caused the explosion, but one of the bodies recovered from the wreckage is believed to be that of former MMA champ Marcus Monroe - the man long rumored to be living a double life as vigilante Guardian, Knightstalker, after losing his young sister in a drive-by shooting several years ago. A bad week for The Guardians, to say the least, especially after the release of this popular Youtube video, showing venerated hero Kronos in a less than heroic light...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT (VIDEO FOOTAGE)

Grainy footage shot from a hand held camera.

An OLD WOMAN stands in front of a suburban home with a large oak tree in front of it. Soft MEOWS emanate from the tree.

OLD WOMAN

HELP! Mr. Fluffy is stuck.

A flash of red and black streaks through the tree at SUPERSONIC SPEED, knocking down several branches.

Kronos lands in front of the old woman and looks down at the cat in his hands. The force generated by his rescue has accidentally snapped the feline's neck.

The old woman looks horrified.

KRONOS

I apologize, I believe that I have broken your animal.

OLD WOMAN
No, why? Why?

KRONOS
It was an accident, but you should not grieve. The creature's intellect was so low, its life was of little value.

YOUNG MALE VOICE #1 (O.S.)
Holy shit Billy! You gettin' this?

YOUNG MALE VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Dude, shut up, he'll hear us.

Kronos, disappointed, turns towards the camera before throwing the dead cat in a nearby garbage can.

The camera PUSHES IN tight on Kronos' face. It's as if he can see the group watching him through the TV.

GABE (O.S.)
Omnipresent asshole is everywhere.
It's creepy.

Gabe changes the channel and a COMMERCIAL comes on.

ON THE COMMERCIAL: a bedroom straight out of an IKEA catalog, where an attractive MAN and WOMAN restlessly attempt to fall asleep. A soothing voice narrates.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Do you lie awake at night,
overwhelmed by the choices that
come with independent thought. The
Fear. The anxiety.

The MAN opens a cabinet in his KITCHEN filled with a variety of snacks. Which to choose? He grows frustrated.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
If so, you may be one of ten
million people suffering from
Decision. Uncertainty. Minimal.
Biology disorder.

The same MAN stands by the register in a SUPERMARKET. The NERDY CASHIER presents him with yet another stressful choice. Paper or plastic?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But there is hope for people with
DUMBS to live a normal life.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Hyperion has been proven to correct
DUMBS.

As uplifting music plays, the MAN and WOMAN suck from an inhaler before happily dashing through a sunny field of flowers where children, holding balloons, play.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Ask your doctor if Hyperion is
right for you.
(speaks fast)
In studies, some people taking
Hyperion experienced rectal
bleeding and anal discharge.
Taking Hyperian may increase risk
of heart attack, stroke and in many
cases, death. Tell your doctor
immediately if death occurs while
taking Hyperion-

BACK TO SCENE:

CLICK. Gabe hits off and the monitor retracts.

GABE
We have to find this stuff and
destroy it before it becomes more
popular than the next iPhone.

BOLT
Wait, you know when it comes out!?
Um, sorry, Asian. Did you guys at
least get the laptop?

The Don hands Gabe the broken laptop.

THE DON
Of course. Little messed up...

GABE
Not a problem.

Gabe removes the hard drive. Waves it.

GABE (CONT'D)
I can get everything I need with my
little invention - the most
Advanced Computer Ever - ACE, for
short...

INT. GABE'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A cruddy-looking laptop, made of spit and scotch tape.

BOLT
That thing even run Windows?

GABE
Greatness isn't always pretty.

CALIBER
Speak for yourself. Yo, I say we
forget all this sneaky crap and hit
em' with your machine gun robots.
Cause that was some cool shit.

Gabe connects the hard drive, data flies across the screen.

GABE
Heh, what a weak encryption scheme.
Knightstalker may have been a bad-
ass, but he was no hacker.
(waits for a reaction, in
vain)
Hum, I wouldn't look to General
Barnes for help anytime soon.

Bolt stands behind Gabe and studies the screen.

BOLT
Crap! They're in on it with
HappyPharma!

GABE
Surprise, surprise, the United
States Government wants to rule the
world.

CALIBER
And they using Happy-drugs to do
it. Damn, talk about a monopoly.

THE DON
And they call us criminals.

CALIBER
So where's the drug?

GABE
(reading screen)
Stored on something called... the
Argus?

BOLT
That's Kronos's ship. They're
hiding it in a military base
outside Dubai.

GABE

Love that place. Awesome nightlife.

A schematic of the Argus pops-up on the screen.

BOLT

K agreed to let the U.S. Government reverse-engineer his tech, but they needed the help of a couple of top scientists from the Emirates.

GABE

No wonder Kronos always seemed so buddy-buddy with General Barnes.

CALIBER

Bet they keepin' the Dubai government in the dark about their shady business too.

BOLT

Yeah. That base is supposed to be a fortress though. We'd get about as close as-

CALIBER

You would to a naked girl?

GABE

(reading)

We don't have to go to Dubai, regrettably. They're going to pilot the ship remotely and release Hyperion into the atmosphere. All we have to do is get to the main control panel.

BOLT

And where's that?

GABE

(reading)

An underground lab in HappyPharma HQ up in Washington D.C.

BOLT

That shouldn't be too much of a problem.

GABE

HappyPharma headquarters has better security than the White House, kid.

CALIBER

This shit keeps gettin' better.

GABE

It says the secret formula for Hyperion is there too, but time's on that anal-probing alien's side.

THE DON

And Washington's pretty far. We only got till the night of the president's address.

GABE

Booking a flight at the last minute is going to be a pain in the ass...

CALIBER

Shit, it's no hassle. Got me a plane. I roll big-time bitches!

They all stare at Caliber.

GABE

I would say I'm not jealous, but I'd be lying.

EXT. GABE'S MANSION - DAY

The men are preparing to leave. Gabe loads several LONG METAL BOXES into the trunk of his car.

Bolt and Caliber approach The Don, who's leaning against his Cadillac puffing on the nub of his cigar.

THE DON

Good luck crashin' the drug store boys. I got agita just thinking about what could happen to you.

CALIBER

You missin' the party, Mafia?

THE DON

Why, you gonna miss me, or somethin' softie? Nah, I got responsibilities. I lost a lotta men back there. Lotta family stuff to straighten out now. Besides...
(to Gabe)
...you got the smarts...
(to Caliber)
...you got the military training...
(to Bolt)

THE DON (CONT'D)
...and you're a friggin' superhero.
(smiles)
Me, I'm just a businessman.

BOLT
Stay out of trouble Dominic.

Bolt shakes The Don's hand.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Aside from all the, um, murder and
racketeering, you're an alright
guy.

CALIBER
Take care of yourself, Mafia.

GABE
Thank you, Mr. Fratelli.

THE DON
Thank me by stoppin' these jerks.
I don't wanna wake up tomorrow
needin' to run to the pharmacy to
fill my Hyperion prescription.

The Don gets in his car and drives off as the villains part
ways.

CALIBER
And then there were three.

BOLT
I really hope you have a plan to
get us into Happy HQ, Gabe.

GABE
Are you kidding, I'm the plan guy,
kid. HappyPharma gives tours to
potential investors, so...
(smiles)
You ready to buy stock in the only
business that loves you more than
mommy when you're sick!

INT. CHANCE CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY

All eyes are on the lovely Andrea, who stands in front of a
packed courtroom, appealing to the jury.

ANDREA

In closing, by the victim's own admission, she is unable to identify her masked attacker. Couple that with the fact that the DNA did not match that of the assailant's and I submit that the only reason my client was arrested was because of his unfortunate proximity to this disgusting crime, and his somewhat... unique appearance.

ANGLE ON the DEFENDANT seated on the stand. Greasy hair. Tattered suit. Dark circles around his shifty-eyes. In the dictionary, next to the word degenerate, there really should be a picture of this guy.

He flashes the jury a slimy grin, revealing many missing teeth.

EXT. CHANCE CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Andrea walks out looking pleased with herself. She takes a moment to look at her watch and is SNATCHED into the air.

INT. CALIBER'S PLANE - DAY

Exquisite gold-plated decor. Lush seats with enormous pillows. A fully-stocked bar. From the cockpit comes a sexy STEWARDESS, wearing a revealing outfit.

Bolt, in full Guardian attire, stares at the hot flight attendant. Caliber smirks at Bolt's reaction.

Gabe sits behind them, working frantically with his laptop. His hair sticks out, like a cartoon mad scientist.

The stewardess serves drinks to Caliber and Bolt. Caliber's got an Absolute on the rocks -- Bolt tries to look cool rocking a soda with lemon in a tall glass.

The stewardess gazes lovingly at Bolt, star struck.

STEWARDESS

(to Bolt)

If you need another, just let me know. I'm a big fan.

Bolt smiles, blushes. He takes a sip of his drink...

STEWARDESS (CONT'D)
You're my favorite Guardian.
(seductive)
Do you do everything fast?

... And spits it out. Caliber laughs.

CALIBER
(to Bolt)
Mr. Smooth. You wanna get with her?

Caliber stares at the stewardess. She bounces her eyebrows, definitely into the idea. Bolt glances at her again, then looks away, abashed.

CALIBER (CONT'D)
(to Stewardess)
Maybe later, baby.

Disappointed, she sashays off.

BOLT
(after her)
But thank you!
(to Caliber)
That was... embarrassing.

CALIBER
Before we get to Washington, you're tappin' that. I'mo see you bust your cherry on my watch.

BOLT
What makes you...
(gives up)
Why does everybody seem to know my business?

Caliber belly laughs.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Listen, Caliber... have you ever considered doing something else?

CALIBER
What do you mean?

BOLT
Well, um... drugs aren't exactly good for people. I mean look what The Guardians are trying to do. And I saw first hand how much damage they did to Deb.

CALIBER
(defensively)
I don't make no one buy my product!
(a long beat)
Actually, my mama got me real into
horticulture.

BOLT
What, like plants? You want to grow
your own pot or something?

CALIBER
No man, orchids and stuff. Always
had this bullshit dream of going
legit, dealin' exotic orchids...
you know they got twenty thousand
kinds.

Bolt tries to keep it together -- fails, bursts out laughing.

BOLT
(baby speak)
Da big mean dwug dwealer wikes the
pwitty flowers?

CALIBER
See, it's shit like that gets
people killed.

BOLT
Sorry, it's just that...
(gathers himself)
Seriously, I think that's awesome.
You should do that.

CALIBER
Yeah, we'll see. You think Gabe's
crazy ass plan's gonna work?

Bolt glances back at Gabe, who fiddles with a screwdriver.

An arc of energy SPARKS, frizzing his hair even more. Gabe
looks around guiltily, to see if anyone noticed.

Bolt turns back to Caliber, who appears concerned.

CALIBER (CONT'D)
Yeah, I think I'm gonna have me
another drink.

EXT. HAPPYPHARMA - FRONT GATE - DAY

The oppressive shadow of the HappyPharma logo on the face of
this massive corporate building looms over a tall gate.

An overcast sky heralds an approaching storm...

Two tall figures wearing dark trench coats shamble toward the gate. They make a metallic CLANGING sound...

INT. HAPPYPHARMA - ENTRANCE CHECKPOINT - DAY

A line of STUFFY INVESTORS move through a metal detector manned by two SECURITY GUARDS that have the gruff look of trained mercenaries. GUARD #1 works the station, GUARD #2 holds a metal detecting wand.

At the end of the line: our trio of heroes.

Gabe wears an expensive Armani suit, and holds a leather satchel. Caliber is dressed conservatively -- conservative in Caliber-world, that is: he wears a bright purple blazer.

Bolt wears jeans and a tacky, long-sleeve, flowered Hawaiian shirt. The black of his Bolt uniform peeks through the open top button of his shirt.

GABE
(low to Bolt)
I said we had to look like
investors not tourists.

BOLT
I was thinking, investor on a
business trip somewhere tropic.

GABE
You look like you're ready for a
luau. It was actually, like,
irresponsible of the sales
associate to sell you that shirt.

CALIBER
Chillax. We're next.

Gabe walks through the metal detector and puts his leather satchel in a basket. Guard #2 moves the wand up and down Gabe's body while Guard #1 checks the satchel.

Guard #1 pulls out Gabe's fancy looking laptop.

GUARD #1
You can have this back after the
tour.

GABE
Cell phone okay?

GUARD #1

Sure.

Guard #2 stares at Gabe for a long moment, waves him through.

Bolt walks through without incident.

Caliber pauses in front of the metal detector. Bolt and Gabe look back, concerned.

Caliber walks through. No alarms.

As they join the tour, Guard #1 turns to Guard #2.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

That guy look familiar to you?

GUARD #2

Which one?

Guard #1 inspects a painting on the far wall: The HappyPharma executive team -- a lineup of ancient white men and, at the very end, Gabe, wearing a comically exaggerated smile.

Guard #1 picks up a phone.

INT. HAPPYPHARMA HALLWAY - DAY

A chipper female TOUR GUIDE stands beside sexy posters of commercially available HappyPharma products.

TOUR GUIDE

HappyPharma makes the products people, literally, can't live without. Thanks to our designer erectile dysfunction drugs, we are the leading pharmaceutical giant in the industry. While some of you may be concerned by the company's recent net losses, I can assure you that we've been working with none other than Guardian leader Kronos--

GABE

(coughs)

Douchebag!

The other investors glower at Gabe. Bolt looks alarmed. Caliber smirks.

TOUR GUIDE

As I was saying, we've been working with Kronos to create a brand new line of products that will send profits soaring to all time highs. Now if you follow me, we'll check out our lab, where your money makes the magic happen...

CALIBER

And helps em' corner the market so brothas' on the street got to shoot each other to make a buck!

The investors look back.

CALIBER (CONT'D)

Sorry, carry on.

Bolt slowly dies inside.

The tour guide leads the group on. Gabe pulls out what looks like a cell phone. He punches in some numbers.

GABE

You guys ready?

BOLT

I was really hoping we could finish the tour first.

GABE

Here goes nothing.

EXT. HAPPYPHARMA/FRONT GATE - DAY - SAME TIME

The figures from earlier shed their trench coats. They're robots! Less like Terminators and more like evil toys, with machine guns strapped haphazardly to their arms.

These are Gabe's famous "ROBOTS WITH MACHINE GUNS."

INT. HAPPYPHARMA/ENTRANCE CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

Guard #1 is speaking to someone on his cell phone.

GUARD #1

Affirmative. I think it was him, sir. They were clean at the checkpoint, so...

Guard #1 hears SQUAWKING over his earpiece. He presses it against his ear.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
Hold on, sir... there seems to be a
disturbance at the front gate...

Heavily armed SECURITY GUARDS rush past, guns drawn,
panicked.

SECURITY GUARD
Everyone to the front gate!

Two Guards escort the tour guide and her group of potential
investors out of the building. Our trio is not with them.

EXT. HAPPYPHARMA - FRONT GATE - DAY

The robots fire wildly, just as rain begins to pour down.
GUARDS converge, hiding behind obstacles and barricades,
returning fire. Bullets ricochet harmlessly off the robots.

INT. HAPPYPHARMA/HALLWAY - DAY

Gabe, Bolt and Caliber quickly move down a long hallway.

A GUARD rushes to intercept. He grips the weapon inside his
jacket, his other hand out in a "halt" gesture.

GUARD
You fellas shouldn't be in h--

Inhumanly fast, Bolt snaps the Guard's head back with a punch
- CRACK. He crumples like a marionette. The trio hardly
breaks stride.

They reach a door in the back of the long hallway which
reads: "DO NOT ENTER - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY." They
disregard the warning.

INT. HAPPYPHARMA/UNDERGROUND WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door opens on a long descending metal walkway with a
locked vault at the other end. The men head down. Caliber
hesitates.

CALIBER
I dunno... this seems like a bad
idea. We're takin' on the
government here, y'know?

GABE
That drug will kill your sex drive
and shrink your manhood.

CALIBER
Let's get this shit done, brother!

Caliber reaches behind, pulling out a block of C4 plastic. He slaps it onto the handle of the thick metal door near a numerical keypad, then pulls out a composite gun.

CALIBER (CONT'D)
Bet you bitches wondered why I
didn't set off the alarm. This
sucker's plastic, but still
hellacious.

GABE
That's a big wad of C4. Where were
you hiding it all this time?

CALIBER
Uh, they have scanners in those
detectors, like at the airport.
Catch everything. I, uh, had to
go... deep -- you know what, said
too much already.
(beat)
Stand back.

Caliber's about to shoot the C4. Gabe intervenes.

GABE
Hold on. Let me try something.

Gabe punches in a few numbers. 1,2,3,4,5. The door gapes open.

BOLT
Seriously?

GABE
Ha, HappyPharma always half-assed
their security measures.

Caliber pockets the C4 as the men cautiously enter...

INT. HAPPYPHARMA - UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

...a cavernous 1930's-era laboratory -- packed with antique equipment. Unlike the pristine Guardian lab, this has a gothic horror aesthetic that would impress Dr. Jekyll.

In stark contrast, an upgraded section contains a shiny FLIGHT CONTROL PANEL, with view screen. A folder with the transparent title "Secret Hyperion formula" sits on a table next to it.

GABE

Perfect. And we still have a few hours before the Presidential Address.

Gabe and Caliber swing the massive vault door closed and dog it while Bolt strips, revealing his super suit. The others stare at him quizzically.

BOLT

Hey, if you're going to save the world, you have to look the part.

GABE

That's why I'm wearing Armani.

Caliber raises the collar of his blazer.

CALIBER

I can relate.

Gabe examines the alien device with tech-savvy eyes.

GABE

This should directly control the craft. Like a UAV. One of those drones the army uses.

BOLT

Yeah, except a lot bigger. You going to hack it?

GABE

This ain't the movies, kid - earth computers and alien computers don't smoothly interface...

He reaches for the panel, labeled in alien script. Instantly Green lights twinkle across the board. A soothing ALIEN VOICE murmurs.

GABE (CONT'D)

But humans and alien computers apparently do...

BOLT

Guess it likes you.

CALIBER

Where you gonna fly it? I got some neighborhoods givin' me trouble, maybe you could hit those before you--

GABE
I'm sending this thing straight
into the sun.

Gabe reaches for the controls. Suddenly, the massive vault door BLOWS off its hinges!

Kronos, General Barnes, Flame and two MARINES with automatic rifles rush into the room.

KRONOS
You are not sending anything
anywhere, Gabriel.

GABE
Does that super hearing catch every
time I call you a douchebag too?

In reply, Kronos tosses something --

-- a robot HEAD lands with a CRASH at Gabe's feet.

Gabe looks saddened. Bolt's confused.

BOLT
Wait, how did you know we were
going to try and stop-

THE DON emerges from behind the Marines. He gives Kronos a nod before flashing a crooked smile.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Crap in a hat!

CALIBER
You mean two hundred pounds of crap
in a cheap suit.

GENERAL BARNES
Grant. Step away from the control
panel. King, drop the gun. Slowly.

Gabe complies. Caliber gingerly places his composite gun on the floor.

CALIBER
(to the Don)
Gonna put one right between your
eyes, Mafia. Then me and my ladies
gonna go grab some pizza. Cause,
yeah, my people like it too!

THE DON

Maybe you can get some in the joint, Calibration. If you're real nice to the big tattooed guy.

The Don makes kiss-kiss noises.

Kronos crosses to Bolt. There's tenderness and regret in the hands he places on Bolt's shoulders.

KRONOS

You have gone too far, Jon. Marcus is dead. He will never again watch his beloved funny cat videos.

Bolt glares at Kronos.

CALIBER

(to Flame)

Hey Deb, nice to see you again. Can I hook you up with a fix?

FLAME

Go to hell, Kurtis.

Flame stares at Bolt with sorry eyes.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Jon, what are you doing with these losers? We're the good guys here.

BOLT

Really, I must have missed world domination in the superhero handbook.

Flame's silenced by Bolt's comment. Kronos turns to Gabe.

KRONOS

I was rather harsh during our last meeting, Gabriel. We could be allies. Beings like us exist to lead the mass of sheep.

GABE

That's what the wolves always say.

GENERAL BARNES

Wake up, Grant. The world's in a bad place. Other nations think every American eats caviar and shits gold. Our borders are under attack and our own citizens are losing faith.

GENERAL BARNES (CONT'D)
It's time to make America great
again -- through pharmaceuticals!

KRONOS
Though intellectually gifted
Gabriel, you arrogantly believe
that shining a light on others sins
dim your own.

GABE
I'm no superhero, but at least I'm
not the asshole trying to rule the
world with super-crack!

KRONOS
Colorful as always. Perhaps you
need to see for yourself to truly
understand what can be achieved.

Kronos turns and beckons to someone behind him -- Andrea
enters. A glazed, hypnotized look in her eyes.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
We needed one last test subject.
And your intelligent, fiercely
combative paramour was perfect.

Gabe stares, dumbstruck. Andrea smiles. So pretty. So vacant.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
As you can see, she will no longer
argue, or defy you in any way. She
will be the perfect woman. Docile,
submissive, meek.

Flame's eyes narrow.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
Exactly what a great man like you
craves. Is that not correct?

Gabe shoots a disbelieving, wry look at Kronos.

GABE
You inhuman asshole! You don't get
it. Your drug, it takes away
everything that's human. That's
extraordinary. That's... her.
(laughs bitterly)
Hyperion isn't medicine, it's
poison with a sexy name!

Kronos takes it all stoically.

KRONOS

If you prefer your mate unstable,
use the counteragent you stole from
our lab to change her back.

Hearing the revelation, Bolt and Caliber glower at Gabe.

CALIBER

You had that the whole time!?
Shit, can't trust nobody.

BOLT

So much for all the "playing the
hero" stuff.

Gabe recognizes the look on Bolt's face... disappointment.

GABE

Don't look at me like that. I was
always up-front with what I'm
about, kid.

BOLT

And that would be, what, being a
dick to everyone who counts on you?

GABE

I was gonna mention it. Look, it
doesn't hurt to have a little
insurance.

CALIBER

You're gonna need it today, Money.
I'm itching to shoot someone.

Unnoticed by the others, Caliber's hand roots in his pocket.

GABE

Bigger picture here. We have more
important things to--

Gabe's cell phone rings. He nonchalantly answers it.

GABE (CONT'D)

Hold on a minute.

(into phone)

Hello?

(to the others)

Oh hey... there's nobody there.

He presses some buttons.

GABE (CONT'D)
It's just a ring I programmed in
earlier. To go off around this
time. In case things went south.

Unseen by the others, Caliber slips something out of a hidden
pocket in his jacket -- ANOTHER COMPOSITE GUN.

GABE (CONT'D)
Thing is... and you'll appreciate
this, Jon, Kurtis...
(beat)
This "cell phone," this is the ACE.

Gabe shows the screen to the group: a code sequence, along
with the words "ACCESS GRANTED." His finger rests on the
"EXECUTE" button. The General nearly chokes.

GENERAL BARNES
Sweet squirrel nuts! He's hacked
into our satellite!

GABE
I will self destruct this bitch
before you can launch that App.
Maybe your drug hooks everyone and
you don't even need it, maybe not.
All it takes is a finger swipe. And
these screens are so sensitive I
doubt even the big guy over there
is fast enough to stop me.

GENERAL BARNES
You destroy that satellite you die!

GABE
"Give me liberty, or give me
death."

GENERAL BARNES
Now you're a patriot, Grant?

GABE
Patriot? No, I'm a villain! Now
back off!

KRONOS
What can you possibly hope to
achieve by this?

GABE
Something meaningful I hope.

Gabe looks at Andrea. She simpers mindlessly back at him.

BOLT
You planned this all along.

Gabe winks at Bolt.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Hate to break it to you, Gabe, but
if you don't get us all killed,
you're coming dangerously close to
becoming a hero.

GABE
I have my moments.

THE CONTROL PANEL EXPLODES!

Nobody knows what the hell just happened. They all turn to
Caliber, who's grinning like a guilty child, holding his
smoking composite pistol.

CALIBER
What are ya? Ignorant? I'm Caliber,
bitches - I never got just one gun!

Kronos steps forward.

KRONOS
This is pointless. I will simply
fly the ship manually. General,
deal with this.

Kronos smashes out of the lab through thick concrete.

EXT. HAPPYPHARMA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Rain pours down in buckets as Kronos bursts through the side
of the building and streaks away into the sky.

INT. HAPPYPHARMA - UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - DAY

Gabe is livid. He whirls on Caliber.

GABE
You idiot! I had 'em! Now Kronos is
going to dose us all!

CALIBER
Ah. Yeah, I see whatcha mean.
Damn, my bad there.

Gabe flashes Bolt a desperate look.

GABE

Remember how you said you never
really felt like a hero? Now's the
time to put that all behind you.

(grins)

Now's the time to see who's faster!

Bolt nods. He barrels up the wall at a breakneck speed.

EXT. HAPPYPHARMA - CONTINUOUS

Bolt blasts out of the hole left by Kronos like a bolt of
lightening.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

A kinetic, fun song, like Queen's 'Seven Seas Of Rhye,' kicks
off the race to the Argus.

While Kronos flies above, Bolt blazes through the street
below, dodging cars and kicking up fans of water in his wake,
as he approaches SUPERSONIC SPEED.

Kronos looks down, sees Bolt keeping pace. He rockets faster,
leaving Bolt behind.

Bolt pours it on - and catches up! Both men are a blur as
they race towards the cost line and head into...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Using his speed Bolt RUNS ON the water as the chase heats up
across the vast ocean.

They pass the ARABIAN SEA and enter the PERSIAN GULF.

Nearing the coastline of THE UNITED ARAB EMIRATES, Bolt WHIPS
through the water, creating a huge wake.

A curious local FISHERMAN in a nearby boat gets soaked from
the resulting back splash.

INT. HAPPYPHARMA - UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - DAY

A flash of lightening causes Gabe to quickly look up at the
hole in the ceiling Kronos made.

With Gabe distracted the General charges! He slams into Gabe,
tackling him, causing Gabe's ACE to slide across the floor.

Caliber dives behind the cover of a large rusty 1960's style
centrifuge with large colored buttons. The Don whips out his
Beretta, while the two Marines also target Caliber.

A FIREFIGHT erupts!

EXT. DUBAI - DAY

The majestic city of opulent beauty is truly a sight to behold.

Kronos and Bolt appear in a flash, scattering the bewildered sun-worshippers baking on the sandy beach.

Bolt races Kronos to the Argus - they're like a pair of human jet fighters trying to edge each other out!

They play a cat and mouse game, zipping around the entire city several times, circling the spectacular man made island of PALM JUMEIRAH, as Bolt tries to shake the tenacious alien.

Kronos rips up massive palm trees and begins hurling them down at Bolt, one by one -- Bolt barely dodges the deadly projectiles.

Kronos pulls a sharp right turn...

Bolt puts on the brakes. It takes several hundred feet, and he's not quick enough to keep from crashing into a jewelry shop.

Pedestrians scream and dive for cover. Bolt emerges from the rubble.

PASSERBY
Hey, it's Bolt!

WOMAN
Way to go!

TEEN MALE
Race on brother!

Bolt acknowledges them with a quick wave, and TAKES OFF.

INT. HAPPYPHARMA - UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - DAY

Bullets fly in every direction. Andrea stands in the middle, unaffected by the carnage. Smiling sweetly.

GABE
Honey, get down!

Andrea cocks her head. Is Gabe playing a game?

No, Gabe is getting his ass kicked! The General's fist crashes into his face! Gabe reels back, tries to put up his dukes -- but the General is a warrior!

The General is handing him his ass, landing left and right hooks that knock Gabe's head around like a pinball.

As the Marines fire their automatic rifles, Caliber reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of C4.

He throws it into the air towards the Marines and shoots it in mid-flight--

KABOOM! The ensuing explosion knocks the soldiers against the wall. They fall to the ground unconscious.

The Don fires wildly at Caliber. Then... CLICK CLICK CLICK.

CALIBER

Ha! No more buwwets!

BLAM! BLAM! One shot in each of the Don's quadriceps. The Don screams in pain and falls.

CALIBER (CONT'D)

Bigger magazine, bitch! I win!

FLAME (O.S.)

I, on the other hand...

Caliber whips around. Flame stands, hands on hips, green eyes flashing with power.

FLAME (CONT'D)

...don't take bullets.

Flame rushes Caliber. He shoots -- his bullets bounce off her impenetrable skin.

Flame grabs Caliber, lifting him up by his coat with one hand -- grabbing the gun out of his hand with the other.

She crushes it in her fist.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Aww. Such a cute little gun. Too bad.

CALIBER

Got more at home, hothead.

FLAME

You got nothing.

She slams him hard against the wall. Once, twice, three times for good measure. Caliber's hurt.

CALIBER
No... you got nothin'.

He whips out a funny device -- A KRONOS PEZ DISPENSER.

He flips up the head -- the next "candy" is a WHITE PILL -- the one they tried to give to Bolt!

The spring-loaded mechanism shoots the pill into Flame's open mouth! Flame chokes it down, recovers.

FLAME
Candy?

CALIBER
Nah. A taste of your own medicine.

Flame suddenly cries out! She drops Caliber and falls to her knees as her body begins to convulse.

CALIBER (CONT'D)
Kiss your powers goodbye, red!

Flame's body stops convulsing. She climbs to her knees. Still in control but... powerless.

FLAME
It's gone... all gone...

CALIBER
Worst comedown in history, eh baby?

Flame begins to weep.

Caliber calmly crosses to The Don, who squirms around on the floor. Takes aim at The Don's head.

THE DON
No, please, I... I like you people.

CALIBER
What's my name, bitch?

THE DON
Calibrate... Calabrese... Calypso -
Caliber! Your name's Caliber!

CALIBER
See, even you people can get it
right.
(grins)
Yo, tell your ancestors I said
thanks for the pizza oven!

We're tight on Caliber's face as he stands over The Don.
Suddenly -- BLAM.

Caliber turns to the fight going on at the other end of the room -- General Barnes is beating the snot out of Gabe!
Caliber smiles, shakes his head. He can't let it continue and moves to intervene --

Gabe grabs piece of antique lab equipment -- and SWINGS!
CONNECTS! The General goes down for the count. Caliber cracks up!

CALIBER (CONT'D)
Hoo-wheee! Where did you learn that
one, prison?

GABE
(tersely)
Business school.

Gabe races over to Andrea and pulls out the counteragent.

GABE (CONT'D)
This is my fault honey. But I'm
going to fix it.

CALIBER
Listen, homes, you might want to
think this over...

Gabe gives him a droll look. Caliber lifts his hands.

CALIBER (CONT'D)
Heh, I'm just messin' witcha.

Gabe places the pill inside Andrea's mouth.

GABE
Swallow.

She does, docilely.

A shudder goes through Andrea's body. Her eyes roll up. She convulses, then drops. Gabe catches her, fights back tears.

Caliber looks on, concerned.

Andrea's body relaxes. She blinks and looks up. Gabe waits.

ANDREA
What, what happened?

Gabe hugs her tightly.

GABE

I almost let down the only person
who always believed in me.

(beat)

You know, you really do make me
want to be a better man.

ANDREA

I know.

GABE

I really hate that about you...

ANDREA

I know.

Gabe opens his mouth but she silences him with a kiss.

EXT. ARABIAN DESERT - DAY

In the moment between heartbeats, Bolt and Kronos race
towards the Argus.

Bolt passes Kronos on the ground, blazes away like a streak
of black and red light. He's faster... but visibly tiring.
Though exhausted, Bolt smiles like a man who knows he's a
hero.

EXT. AL MINHAD AIR BASE - DAY

The fortress-like base swarms with alert MILITARY PERSONNEL,
armed to the teeth.

Bolt appears and bursts through the chain link fence of the
compound, too fast for the soldiers to react.

Bolt shoots into a huge open hanger. A sleek behemoth of
black gleaming metal sits on a massive support cradle.

THE ARGUS.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

Bolt ZIPS to a stop at the top of a flight of access stairs.
He places his hand on the outer hull.

The liquid-like black metal separates, allowing Bolt entry.
He moves through.

INT. ARGUS - DAY

A cavernous blue interior holds thousands of tanks of golden
liquid, connected to hoses which run into the deck plates.

Bolt heads through the racks of Hyperion, toward the flight deck. Suddenly, KRONOS pushes through the liquid metal wall, directly between Bolt and the controls.

Kronos grabs Bolt and hurls him into a bulkhead. He releases him, and Bolt slithers down unconscious.

Kronos makes his way to the flight controls and powers up the Argus.

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

The ship ROCKETS out of the hangar.

INT. HAPPYPHARMA - UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - DAY

Gabe inspects the damage to the flight control panel.

GABE

We gotta try and get control of that thing. Hand me the ACE.

Caliber picks it up.

As he passes it over his finger brushes the "EXECUTE" button. A TONE sounds.

GABE (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

Gabe checks the display: a countdown begins. "10", "9", "8"...

GABE (CONT'D)

You activated the App!

CALIBER

Damn, touch screens really are too sensitive... can't you, uh, still make the satellite self destruct?

GABE

No, you'd have to take it out manually now. Even if Bolt stops Kronos from releasing Hyperion, everyone will be slaves to their phones!

Andrea looks up from her phone.

ANDREA

That's terrible.

ON GABE'S ACE - "3", "2", "1" "APPLICATION LAUNCH INITIATED"

EXT. SPACE - DAY

In the infinite void of space a large gleaming silver satellite awakens. Solar panels rotate as the massive dish moves into position.

EXT. CHANCE CITY STREET - DAY

As traffic halts to a crawl, crowds of URBAN DWELLERS clog the sidewalk, faces buried in their phones, as if hypnotized.

It seems as though they are powerless to look away. Must be the App.

SUPER: 3 minutes until application activates.

INT. ARGUS - DAY

Kronos pilots the Argus. Bolt regains consciousness, but all the fight's been beaten out of him.

KRONOS

When we reach thirty thousand feet,
I will release the Hyperion. Once
properly medicated, your abilities
may prove useful to me, Jon.

Bolt struggles to his feet. He rushes Kronos and gives it everything he's got left.

Bolt's hands fly at furious speeds, his fists socking Kronos a hundred times over, but, Kronos's head barely moves!

Realizing his assault is ineffective, Bolt runs around Kronos at the speed of sound, creating a vortex that sucks out all the air! Kronos gasps, falls to one knee, then...

BACKHANDS Bolt once again, sending him flying. He SLAMS against the floor with enough force to rattle teeth and bone. Kronos appears amused by Bolt's attempt.

Bolt slithers towards Kronos, who lifts him up by his uniform.

Kronos's free hand slides down the ship's flat CONTROL PANEL, resting on a large red button. The Hyperion release button!

KRONOS (CONT'D)

For centuries your people have
claimed to desire peace.
Politicians have argued for it in
vain. Now, all one has to do is
simply... breathe.

The comm system squeals STATIC, then a voice:

GABE (OVER THE COMM)
Jon, it's Gabe. If you can hear me,
we've got a problem. Numbnuts here
accidentally launched the App -
Once that satellite goes live,
humanity will be addicted to their
phones! Well, um, more addicted.

BOLT
Crap, we've gotta do something, K!

Kronos stares at Bolt, uncertain how to react.

BOLT (CONT'D)
Don't you see, it's happening just
like it did on your world! You
can't protect people by controlling
them!

KRONOS
I only sought to help your race,
Jon. To bring your people the gift
of blissful peace--

BOLT
You don't create a world of
blissful peace by turning everyone
into Keith Richards!

GABE (OVER THE COMM)
Jon, we're running out of time.
Kronos, if you're there, I need you
to understand. Humans may be greedy
and petty and violent, but there's
one thing we have in common. Deep
down, we all want to be better -
and you can't do that with a drug!

Kronos' eyes fill with compassion and regret. He sets Bolt
down.

KRONOS
...Doing the same thing over and
over and expecting different
results. That is the definition of
insanity, correct?
(sighs)
I have been so blind. Forgive me my
friend.

BOLT
 Sure we're, uh, B.F.F's again.
 Now, what do we do about the
 satellite?

KRONOS
 (looks up)
 I must fly into space and destroy
 it.

BOLT
 Last I checked K, you need air just
 like us...

Kronos smiles wistfully.

KRONOS
 But there is no suit on this ship.
 And there is no time.
 (sighs)
 I caused this. I must end it. It is
 time to reunite with my people in
 Elysium.
 (smiles warmly)
 Take care of Debra.

Kronos shakes Bolt's hand.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
 Knightstalker was wrong, Jon. I am,
 and always will be, your big-ass
 gray-skinned brother.

Bolt winces, pulls his hand free -- Kronos has the grip of a
 hydraulic press.

KRONOS (CONT'D)
 And tell Gabriel that today, I too
 did something meaningful.

Kronos gives Bolt a nod before BLASTING THROUGH the liquid
 metal interior hull. The hull seals behind him.

EXT. SKY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Kronos flies through the air at earth-shattering speed. Cape
 flapping in the wind, he rips through the clouds into...

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS

With the bright blue and white globe of earth in the
 background, Kronos summons every ounce of his power to BLAST
 THROUGH THE SATELLITE.

Kronos, holding his breath, watches as the metal satellite fragments scatter. His eyes CRACKLE as even their super tissues begin to lose moisture to the vacuum.

Against a radiant sun, Kronos turns, tries to fly back down to earth. But he loses consciousness.

He grins like a sleeping baby. Truly a hero at last.

EXT. SKY - DAY

In the twilight a new star winks into being. The star spreads a fiery red trail -- Kronos, burning up in the atmosphere.

INT. ARGUS - DAY

Bolt spots the new "meteor" in the sky and bows his head in reverence. Bolt notices something else -- the ground speeding by beneath! He quickly scans the complex alien control panel.

BOLT

I don't suppose there's an operator's manual around here...

GABE (OVER THE COMM)

Jon, we need to stop that satellite now! There should be a flat triangular button on the right. That's the comm system. Press it.

Bolt looks around. Finds the button.

BOLT

Gabe... Kronos... had a change of heart. He stopped the whole Slave-Guardian App thing.

INT. HAPPYPHARMA/UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - SAME TIME

Gabe's got the ACE cell phone hooked into the innards of the machine. He can see everything Bolt sees. Gabe's working the cell phone like a video game.

GABE

Slave-Guardian would be a killer band name. So, that flying shade of gray did it, huh? I must have rubbed off on the big guy.

BOLT (OVER THE COMM)

Um, sure, you're a real positive influence, Gabe. Now what do I do about the giant spaceship I can't fly!

GABE

Relax, Jon, I've taken control of the ship. I'm sending it into the sun. That alien may be gone...

Gabe studies General Barnes, who's been securely bound in electrical cord and gagged with duct tape.

GABE (CONT'D)

...But there are still plenty of human morons who'd love to have a world full of sheep.

BOLT (OVER THE COMM)

You were planning on dropping me off somewhere first, right?

Gabe thinks it over. Andrea hits him hard in the arm.

GABE

(to Andrea)

Sheesh, I was just fooling around. Listen, Jon, the ship's meant to be docked in some kind of space port. We don't have those yet, so...

(clears throat)

Feel like a little jog?

BOLT (OVER THE COMM)

A little jog! I trust you've at least done the math in your head. As long as I move at a fast enough velocity I should be okay, right?

GABE

Sure. Whatever makes you feel better.

EXT. DUBAI SKYLINE - DAY

The giant vessel dives between several extravagant buildings, passing dangerously close to the worlds tallest, the BURJ KHALIFA before reaching the beach.

GABE (V.O)

Ready... now!

The liquid metal separates and Bolt shoots out! He hits the ground running... looks like he's got control.

He trips!

Bolt tumbles, sand kicking up all around, rolling over and over and over. A red and black tumbleweed. He finally skids to a stop. The dust clears. Is he dead?

Bolt stands up! Bruised and battered. He shakes it off. Bolt turns and sees the Argus fly up into the sky and vanish.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Argus tears through space, passes a swirling red object...

KRONOS' CAPE.

The cape swirls, the "G" logo blotting out the rest of the scene. Then it swirls away, revealing the Earth.

Safe at last.

INT. HAPPYPHARMA/UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - DAY

The storm is over. Sunlight beams through the hole in the roof. Andrea comforts Flame, who's curled up on the floor sobbing.

Gabe and Caliber shake hands. They slowly chuckle.

CALIBER

Well, I guess we did it, G money.
Too bad we probably gonna' spend
the rest of our lives in prison.

GABE

Maybe. Maybe not.

Caliber looks confused. Gabe walks over to Flame.

FLAME

I messed up big time. Jon hates me,
my powers are gone. I tried to dope
the world with an alien drug for
Christ's sake!

GABE

Hey, I know for a fact that Jon
still has it bad for you. And I did
some research on that pill. It's
possible the effects are only
temporary.

FLAME

Really?

GABE

Listen, this is important, Debra.
Is there any Hyperion left?

FLAME

It was all on the ship, except for
the dose we were gonna give to that
idiot, The Don.

All heads turn in unison to the dead Don, floating in a thick
pool of his own blood. They snap back to find Flame holding
up a small inhaler.

FLAME (CONT'D)

I thought this was the answer, but
it's just another drug that
pretends to fix everything.

Gabe zeroes in on General Barnes, who wriggles around in his
restraints.

GABE

Debra... has the General been
immunized yet?

Flame shakes her head. Flashing a sinister smile, Gabe grabs
the Inhaler from her, picks up the "Secret Hyperion Formula"
folder, and advances toward the General.

General Barnes's eyes widen as a look of horror washes over
his face.

INT. AMERICA EXPOSED NEWSROOM - EVENING

Carol Chambers, radiant as ever, blouse straining to control
her journalistic assets, beams at the camera.

CAROL

More turmoil at pharmaceutical
giant HappyPharma tonight as
company stocks continue to plummet
after the failed rollout of its
Hyperion product line and news of
an attempted theft of its chemicals
to create a biological weapon.
Details are sketchy, but according
to General Barnes a sinister scheme
was masterminded by rogue Guardian
Marcus "Knightstalker" Monroe and
his secret side kick, mob boss
Dominic Fratelli.

YouTube videos play showing Knightstalker patrolling dangerous city streets -- he chases THUGS, ducks into dark menacing alleyways, and plays with adorable stray kittens.

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Upset with U.S. foreign policy,
Monroe faked his own death and went
rogue, planning to release a
chemical agent that would have sent
everyone to happy land...

We're treated to a mug shot of The Don.

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The poisonous plot called for The
Don to steal the chemicals needed
for Knightstalker's weapon, but he
bungling the job and got whacked.

NEWS FOOTAGE shows us the damaged HappyPharma HQ building.

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All might have been lost if not for
the intervention of The Guardians,
and two bad boys who usually play
the villains...

Glamour shots of Caliber appear, throwing gang signs and
posing with duckface lips in his pimp finery...

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Kurtis "Caliber" King...

A mug shot of Gabe, with messy hair and a supercilious
sneer...

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...And Gabe Grant, who's now being
hailed as a hero.

NEWS FOOTAGE of THE PRESIDENT (70s), stately, with orange
skin and a coiffed yellow mane. He stands on a podium in
front of the White House.

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Both men were honored earlier,
along with the remaining Guardians,
by the president.

Standing next to the President on one side, in uniform, are
Bolt and Flame. Bolt's left arm is in a sling.

On the other side of the President stands Gabe, Andrea and Caliber. Directly behind Gabe is General Barnes, wearing the same glazed look Andrea sported while drugged.

MEDIA PERSONNEL and thousands of ADORING FANS throng the space before the podium. The fans hold up signs reading "We love you Bolt!" "Guardians Forever", and the like.

The President begins shaking hands with the heroes. Starting with Bolt and Flame, he works his way down to Gabe, who he glares at for a moment, then Andrea and finally, Caliber.

The crowd CHEERS. Gabe cups his ear with his hand, mocking a "can't hear you" motion, pumping them up even more.

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Grant's expert computer skills were pivotal in uncovering the plot to drug the nation. And he's become a real inspiration to future generations...

COLLEGE KIDS cheer, hold up signs that read: "Hack On, Big-Brain" and "Hackers ROCK!" Andrea smiles and kisses Gabe.

Next to them, Caliber wields dual big-mawed guns, each with a "G" logo. He fires them at the audience -- t-shirt launchers!

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
As has former drug kingpin, Kurtis King, who recently started up an online business selling rare flowers, "OrchidKing.com"...

THE KIDS in the crowd grab shirts. As do two BUSTY LADIES. They whip off their tops to change into the shirts and the camera WHIPS away.

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
King was visiting HappyPharma as a potential investor when he was pressed into service, helping security take out The Don.

A sign amongst sad faces reads "WE MISS YOU KRONOS."

CAROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(somber)
They say that someone in a uniform always pays the price for our freedom.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Today, that uniform was made from a form-fitting poly-spandex blend and that price paid by our departed hero Kronos, who died containing a chemical explosion set off by domestic terrorist, Knightstalker.

Andrea lovingly embraces Gabe. Flame glances at the happy couple and then, to the delight of the crowd, lifts up Bolt and kisses him -- her strength has returned!

CAROL (V.O) (CONT'D)

While there will always be a high price for freedom, we can trust heroes like The Guardians, along with our own U.S. government, to protect those freedoms. To protect us... from wolves in sheep's clothing.

Gabe leans back and whispers something into the General's ear. General Barnes smiles, as if on command -- it looks like someone else is in charge now.

EXT. FORESTED AREA - DAY

A BURNT FIGURE lumbers erratically from tree to tree in the woods surrounding the former home of the late Knightstalker.

The figure rests against a tree and slowly looks up...

...revealing the charred face of the SURGEON.

He flashes a ghoulish smile -- whistles the tune to 'Can't Fight This Feeling' as he walks off.

FADE OUT.

THE END.